

*The introduction of ROUSSEAU into the sphere of SENSIBILITY.*

(From Hayley's triumphs of temper.)

**B**UT, as it chanc'd while all the realm reviv'd,  
 A spirit masculine from earth arriv'd :  
 Two airy guides conduct the gentle shade ;  
 Genius, in robes of braided flames array'd,  
 And a fantastic nymph, in manners nice,  
 Profusely deck'd with many an odd device ;  
 Sister of him whose luminous attire  
 Flashes with unextinguishable fire ;  
 Like him in features, in her look as wild,  
 And Singularity by mortals styl'd,  
 The eager queen and all her smiling court,  
 Surround the welcome shade in gentle sport ;  
 For in their new associate all rejoice,  
 All pant to hear the accents of his voice.  
 Though o'er his frame the Assyrian robe was flung,  
 The pleasing stranger spoke the Gallic tongue ;  
 But in that language his enchanting art  
 Inspir'd new energy that seiz'd the heart ;  
 In terms so eloquent so sweetly hold,  
 A story of disastrous love he told.  
 Convuls'd with sympathy, the list'ning train  
 At ev'ry pause with dear delicious pain,  
 Intreat him to renew the fascinating strain. }  
 And now SERENA, with suspended breath,  
 Listen'd and caught the tale of Julia's death ;  
 And quick she cries e'er tears had time to flow,  
 " Blest be this hour ! for now I see ROUSSEAU."

---

EPIGRAM.

Jack his own merit fees. This gives him pride,  
 That he fees more than all the world beside.







Were Justice follow'd, then would man be good,  
 Were freedom guarded, then would man be blest;  
 No generous impulse of the soul subdu'd,  
 But love, unfrught with anguish, fill the breast.

I felt the magic of Lucinda's eye,  
 I thought her charms were of no mean degree;  
 Lucinda's name inspir'd the secret sigh,  
 And, need I, Orson! tell my wish to thee?

One only wish remain'd! oh! might I find,  
 Amid this scene of danger and of strife,  
 Some kindred spirit, some congenial mind,  
 To cheer my journey through the vale of life.

Indulgent heav'n vouchsafed the boon to send,  
 A youth I found, and just and mild was he;  
 My heart sprang mutual to embrace its friend,  
 And, need I, Orson! name that friend to thee?

MOSCHUS.

---

SONNET—On Grief.

**T**HOUGH since my date of woe long years have roll'd,  
 Darkness ne'er draws the curtains round my head,  
 Nor orient morning opes her eyes of gold,  
 But grief pursues my walks, or haunts my bed.  
 Visions, in sleep, their triftful shapes unfold;  
 Shew Misery living, Hope and Pleasure dead,  
 Pale shrouded Beauty, kisses faint and cold,  
 Or murmur words the parting Angel said.  
 Thoughts, when awake, their wonted trains renew;  
 With all their stings my tortured breast assail;  
 Her faded form now glides before my view;  
 Her plaintive voice now floats upon the gale.  
 The hope how vain, that time should bring relief!  
 Time does but deeper root a real grief.



AUGUST 7, 1797.

SONNET—On a Locket.

BRIGHT, crisped threads of pure, translucent gold !  
Ye, who were wont with Zephyr's breath to play ;  
O'er the warm cheek and ivory forehead stray ;  
Or clasp her neck in many an amorous fold ;  
Now motionless, this little shrine must hold ;  
No more to wanton in the eye of day,  
Or to the breeze your changing hues display ;  
For ever still, inanimate, and cold !  
Poor, poor, last relic of an angel face !  
Sad setting ray, no more thy orb is seen !  
O, Beauty's pattern, miracle of grace,  
Must this be all that tells what thou hast been !  
Come then, cold crystal, on this bosom lie,  
Till Love, and Grief, and fond Remembrance die !

---

PROPER MATERIALS

FOR A

MONODY.

FLOWRETS—wreaths—thy banks along—  
Silent eve—th' accustom'd song—  
Silver slipper'd—whilom—lore—  
Druid—pilgrim—mountain boar—  
Dulcet—cremite—what time—  
(*"Excuse me, here I want a rhyme,"*)  
Black-brow'd night—hark ! schreech-owls sing—  
Ebon car—and raven's wing—  
Charnel houses—lonely dells—  
Glimm'ring tapers—dismal cells—  
Hallow'd haunts—and horrid piles—  
Refeate hues—and ghastly smiles—  
Solemn fanes—and cypress bow'rs—  
Thunder storms—and tumbling tow'rs—  
These with care together blend ;  
They'll form *beginning, middle, end.*—



seems therefore evident, that this substance imbibes the luminous matter in the act of crystallization, and afterwards throws it out in sparks. Mr. Giobert having tried many other saline solutions, could not observe the like phenomenon in any of them.

---

### A N E C D O T E S.

CATHERINE II. empress of Russia, having established a commission for framing a code of laws for the different subjects of her extensive empire, commanded the Samoyedes to send deputies to the capital, to meet those of the other provinces. When they arrived at court, her imperial majesty received them on her throne, surrounded with the greatest magnificence, and informed them, by means of an interpreter, that having the same maternal tenderness for them as for the rest of her subjects, and being desirous of giving them laws suited to their manners and situation, and which might contribute to their private as well as public happiness, she had sent for them, in order that they might deliver their sentiments upon that subject. The deputies thanked the empress for her good intentions, and told her, *they had no need for laws; but they begged that her imperial majesty would frame some for their neighbours.*

A certain preacher having taken for his text the following words of Matthew, chap. iv. ver. 3. *If thou be the Son of God command that these stones be made bread*; began his sermon thus: "My brethren, it is customary for those who appear in this pulpit, to expound to you the word of God; but as for me, I am going to explain to you the words of the devil."

The canons of Chartres having lost a law suit, which they had with their bishop, and supposing that their bad success had been occasioned by the influence of madam Maintenon; one of them said, "How was it possible for us to win, when we had King, Queen, and Knave against us?"



---

# POETRY.

---

## THE WISH.

*From Poems by Robert Lovell, and Robert Southey.*

THE Muse who struck to moral strains the lyre,  
Now turns to court a visionary theme,  
To frame the wish which flattering hopes inspire,  
When fancy revels in her golden dream.

I ask no lone retreat, no shady grove,  
Nor grove nor bower can boast a charm for me;  
I muse on Justice, Liberty and Love,  
And, need I, Orson! tell my wish to thee?

I bend, great Justice! at thine awful throne,  
Eternal arbiter of good and ill:  
The sons of soul shall make thy laws their own,  
And form their dictates by thy sov'reign will.

But oft perverted is thy high behest,  
And oft I'm doom'd oppression's rod to see;  
To see wealth triumph, and the poor oppress'd,  
And, need I, Orson! tell my wish to thee?

How bounds the soul at freedom's sacred call!  
How shrinks from slavery's heart-appalling train!  
But still her victims avarice will inthral,  
Afric's sad sons still wear the accursed chain.

Still, power despotic, with ambition join'd,  
Would crush the soul determined to be free;  
I see debas'd man's dignity of mind,  
And need I, Orson! tell my wish to thee?



seems therefore evident, that this substance imbibes the luminous matter in the act of crystallization, and afterwards throws it out in sparks. Mr. Giobert having tried many other saline solutions, could not observe the like phenomenon in any of them.

---

### A N E C D O T E S.

CATHERINE II. empress of Russia, having established a commission for framing a code of laws for the different subjects of her extensive empire, commanded the Samoyedes to send deputies to the capital, to meet those of the other provinces. When they arrived at court, her imperial majesty received them on her throne, surrounded with the greatest magnificence, and informed them, by means of an interpreter, that having the same maternal tenderness for them as for the rest of her subjects, and being desirous of giving them laws suited to their manners and situation, and which might contribute to their private as well as public happiness, she had sent for them, in order that they might deliver their sentiments upon that subject. The deputies thanked the empress for her good intentions, and told her, *they had no need for laws; but they begged that her imperial majesty would frame some for their neighbours.*

A certain preacher having taken for his text the following words of Matthew, chap. iv. ver. 3. *If thou be the Son of God command that these stones be made bread*; began his sermon thus: "My brethren, it is customary for those who appear in this pulpit, to expound to you the word of God; but as for me, I am going to explain to you the words of the devil."

The canons of Chartres having lost a law suit, which they had with their bishop, and supposing that their bad success had been occasioned by the influence of madam Maintenon; one of them said, "How was it possible for us to win, when we had King, Queen, and Knave against us?"



---

# POETRY.

---

## THE WISH.

*From Poems by Robert Lovell, and Robert Southey.*

**T**HE Muse who struck to moral strains the lyre,  
Now turns to court a visionary theme,  
To frame the wish which flattering hopes inspire,  
When fancy revels in her golden dream.

I ask no lone retreat, no shady grove,  
Nor grove nor bower can boast a charm for me;  
I muse on Justice, Liberty and Love,  
And, need I, Orson! tell my wish to thee?

I bend, great Justice! at thine awful throne,  
Eternal arbiter of good and ill:  
The sons of soul shall make thy laws their own,  
And form their dictates by thy sov'reign will.

But oft perverted is thy high behest,  
And oft I'm doom'd oppression's rod to see;  
To see wealth triumph, and the poor oppress'd,  
And, need I, Orson! tell my wish to thee?

How bounds the soul at freedom's sacred call!  
How shrinks from slavery's heart-appalling train!  
But still her victims avarice will intral,  
Afric's sad sons still wear the accursed chain.

Still, power despotic, with ambition join'd,  
Would crush the soul determined to be free;  
I see debas'd man's dignity of mind,  
And need I, Orson! tell my wish to thee?



collected the fires of lightning that were dispersed though the sky, and to have buried them in the earth. "What is this but the description of the use of a conductor, to secure buildings from being struck by lightning?"

Let us now see if any probable conjecture may be formed, concerning the means or instruments which they employed in these operations. We know that the Hetruscans and Sabines, Numa's countrymen, worshipped spears, and were, indeed, the inventors of those weapons. It is probable that they might not worship, or employ one spear only in such solemnities, but a number, perhaps a large case, or what Homer calls *Lourotheke*, or a kind of forest of spears. The first places of worship were in the open air, the word *templum* originally signifying the heaven, or sky. Besides, they were upon high places. The law was delivered to Moses upon Mount Sinai: and high places are mentioned often in the scriptures as the seats of idolatrous worship. Now, were a forest of spears, with the points upwards, and with the handles of dry wood, or, perhaps, some of the Teribinthinate kind, which are bad conductors, and placed upon an elevated situation, they might, if placed within striking distance, exhibit a luminous appearance, and in certain seasons collect electrical fire, sufficient to make a great discharge; and, as I suppose, to destroy any person within the reach of their influence. This is not altogether matter of conjecture. Plutarch says, that balls of fire were seen to rest on the points of the soldiers' spears, and we know, that in our own times, in the Mediterranean sea, it is common for balls of fire to rest on the rigging of the ships, which appearances were formerly called by the names of Castor and Pollux; and in later times, the fires of St. Helmo, and are thought to foretel good weather. Was it from this opinion, that St. Paul's ship, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, had the images of Castor and Pollux on its prow. Livy speaks of a spear, in a house, that burned more than two hours, yet without being consumed, Could this be any thing but electrical?

It should be observed, that Numa did not build a temple, but an altar, in the open air, to Jupiter Elicius, and that it was situated on a hill, namely, the Aventine Mount. But Tullus Hostilius, it is said, was in some retired part of his house, and alone.

A spear, however, might become electrical in a thunder storm, in which Tullus Hostilius is said to have perished, even in a house; witness the story from Livy, mentioned above; but



we may suppose, that he might be on the house-top, which was a common place of worship, and there have erected his apparatus for drawing down lightning. That this was a common place for idolatrous worship, we learn from the scriptures. The book of Kings speaks of the altars, that were on the top of the upper chamber of Ahaz. Jeremiah speaks of "the houses, upon whose roofs they have burned incense unto all the host of heaven, and have poured out drink-offerings to the gods." Zephaniah mentions those "that worship the host of heaven on the house tops." Might not then Tullus Hostilius, supposing him placed in an elevated situation, and upon the top of a building, and surrounded by, or in the neighbourhood of a number of spears, placed with their points upwards, receive a stroke by their means from an electrical atmosphere; or might not an electrical cloud be so attracted and discharged upon a multitude of metalline points, terminating in bad conductors, as to explode and destroy him, and burn the house: and might not Numa be instructed, how to conduct this process with greater safety, tho' perhaps, not scientifically? But many a house is preserved by conductors, whose inhabitants, and even the artificers that erected them, are nearly ignorant of rationale of the matter.

---

#### OF THE PHOSPHORIC PROPERTY OF VITRIOLATED TARTAR.

**M**R. GIOBERT, observed by accident, that several sparks of pale and blueish light came out of a quantity of crystallized vitriolated tartar placed in the dark. The sparks were produced by the least friction between the crystals; yet he asserts that they were not electrical; which assertion indeed seems to be true from the following circumstances. The light, or sparks, appear most in the act of decanting the saline liquor from over the crystals; but if the crystals are put upon paper to drain off the superfluous moisture, they do not give any more light. This property appears so much the more conspicuous, as the solution has been exposed to a greater light during the crystallization; and, on the contrary, if the crystallization has been performed in a place completely dark, no phosphoric light will appear. It



use the fish makes of this property for its defence and support; and that the fish had the power of conveying it through wood, metals, hemp or flax, and even through water; and lastly, that this extraordinary power was lodged in organs peculiar to the fish, a fact which the late accounts of the dissection of the electrical eel farther confirm. It is remarkable, that Pliny ascribes this power of the fish to a certain invisible agency, and calls it by the same name that has been applied by later writers to denominate the electrical influence.

It is farther worthy of remark, that the electrical shock, imparted by means of the living torpedo, was used in medicine. Vossius mentions, from some ancient authority, that an inveterate head-ach was cured by the application of a living torpedo to the part where the pain was seated. The same remedy was also in use for the gout; the patient being directed to place a living torpedo under his feet, as he stood on the sea shore, and to continue it until he found the numbness not only affect the whole of the foot, but the leg also, as far as the knee. This remedy is said to have cured Athero, a freedman of Tiberius Cæsar.

Dioscorides advises the same remedy for inveterate pains of the head, and for protrusions of the rectum; and Galen seems to have copied him in recommending the same remedy for such complaints. The same application for the head-ach is to be found in Paulus Ægineta, and I believe, several other of the later writers on medicine. An ingenious and learned gentleman suggested to me, that it was probable, that even the method of drawing down electrical fire from the clouds was known in very early times, and particularly to Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome; and that his successor Tullus Hostilius, perished by his unskilful management of so dangerous a process.

Numa himself was, undoubtedly, a man of science. He rectified the calendar, and by intercalation brought the lunar and solar years to correspond. He was acquainted with the power of a concave speculum in concentrating the sun's rays, so as to inflame bodies; and it was in this way that the vestal fire was lighted. He instituted religious ceremonies, and formed a college of heralds, and was indeed their principal legislator, in what regarded religion and the laws of nations. Among other acts, Livy tells us, that he built an altar on the Aventine mount to Jupiter Elicius, whom, it was given out, that he had a power of drawing down from heaven, to explain what was portended by prodigies, and particularly by thunder and light-



things, and to advise with him on other important occasions. Arnobius, copying Plutarch, says, that Numa not being acquainted with the means of procuring thunder, which knowledge he was desirous to acquire, applied to the goddess Egeria, who taught him the method of drawing Jupiter down from heaven. Now we know that in the Jewish religion, the visible appearance of the Deity was in the form of a flame of fire; witness the manifestation to Moses, in two instances, and the Shechinah of the temple. The same idea prevailed in the pagan mythology; Jupiter, when he was obliged to come to Semele with the characteristic signs of his presence, came in this manner; to draw down thunder then, and to draw down the Deity, were, according to this acceptation, the same thing; and this Pliny testifies, as he says, from good authority, had been often performed by Numa. Let us now examine the account of the death of Tullus Hostilius. Livy says of him, "that after examining the commentaries of Numa, and finding there a description of certain occult and solemn sacrifices, performed to Jupiter Elicius, he set himself to execute these in private; but from some impropriety in the commencement and conduct of these operations, he not only failed of being favoured with any intercourse with any celestial beings, but was, through the wrath of Jove, excited by his being importuned with such irregular rights and ceremonials, struck with lightning, and consumed, together with his palace."

Pliny's account agrees herewith. He says, that Tullus Hostilius, "whilst he was imitating in an irregular and improper manner the process of Numa, for drawing down lightning, was struck with a thunder bolt."

Dionysius Halicarnassensis agrees that he perished by fire, together with his family; but though he says, that many thought the burning of the palace was an artifice, to conceal the murder of the king and his family, yet he inclines rather to the opinion that he died by lightning, on account of his improper conduct respecting the sacred rites. All agree that he perished in a storm, and during the performance of a private religious ceremony. Considering the intent of these rites, which were probably composed of some processes, which exhibited appearances of an electrical nature, it is, I think, at least probable, that he really lost his life by his unskilful management.

There is a remarkable passage in Lucan, relative to this subject, Arruns, a learned Etrurian, whom he had before described, as skilled in the motions of lightning, is said, by him, to have



immoderate panegyrist, and at the next a most outrageous satyrift.

In a word, Voltaire wishes to be an extraordinary man, and a most extraordinary man he most certainly is.

---

OBSERVATIONS ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE  
ANCIENTS RESPECTING ELECTRICITY.

IT is, I believe, generally allowed, that electricity, considered as a principle, or quality, pervading all nature, was unknown to the philosophers of antiquity. It is, however, admitted, that some of its effects were observed by them, but their observations led them to believe, that it was a peculiar property of certain bodies only, and not that it was, as it now appears to be, one of the most general and active agents in the natural system. Theophrastus is, as far as I know, the first writer that has remarked the attractive power of bodies to one another, distinct from the attractions of gravity and magnetism. He speaks in his treatise on stones, of "amber dug on the coast of Liguria, which had an attractive power. He intimates that the clearest had this property in the highest degree, and that it would attract iron." The same writer ascribes similar properties to the lapis lynceus, which is now believed to be the tourmalin, though it was formerly esteemed to be the same with amber. Theophrastus, however, clearly distinguishes them from one another, though he ascribes the same attractive properties to both. "It possesses," he says, "an attractive power like amber; and, as they say, attracts not only straws, and leaves, but copper also, and iron, if in small particles."

Pliny gives a similar account. "Amber," says he, "being rubbed with the fingers, and having thereby become warmed, attracts to itself straws and dried leaves, in the same manner as the magnet does iron." He ascribes the same properties to the lapis lynceus. Solinus, Priscian, and, I believe, many other writers have noticed the same quality of that stone.



But the attractive power which electricity imparts to bodies, is not the only property of that fluid that was known to the ancients. They were acquainted with the effects of the electric shock; and have minutely described the sensations occasioned thereby, upon the human body. I do not however mean to insinuate, that they apprehended any connection to subsist between the attractive power just spoken of, and that which I am about to mention. It is now proved, beyond a doubt, that the benumbing power, which is found in the torpedo, and several other fishes, is, in reality, produced by the electric stroke, which they have a power of imparting to any object they please, with which they come in contact; and is indeed the method they have both of defending themselves, and providing food. Aristotle says, that the torpedo "causes, or produces a torpidity upon those fishes it is about to seize, and having by that means got them into his mouth, feeds upon them." He adds, "that this fish hides itself in the sand and mud, and catches those fish that swim over it, by benumbing them; of which," he says, "some have been eye-witnesses. The same fish has also the power of benumbing men." Pliny says, "that this fish has the power of communicating its benumbing quality, if touched with a spear, or rod; and is able to impart a torpor over the strongest muscles of the body; and, as it were, binds and stops the feet even of the swiftest persons." Galen says, "that the torpedo is endued with such a power, that if it be touched by the fisherman with his steel spear, it instantly stupifies the hand, transmitting this power through the spear, to the hand." Plutarch says, "that it affects the fisherman through the drag-net; and, that if any person pours water on a living torpedo, the sensation will be conveyed through the water to the hand."

Oppian has gone still farther, and has discovered the organs by which this fish is enabled to produce this extraordinary effect, which he ascribes to "two organs of a radiated texture, which are fixed, or grow on each side of the fish." Claudian has written a short poem on the torpedo, but he mentions no qualities of it different from those which have been recited above, save that it can convey its influence from the hook, with which it is caught, to the hand of the fisherman. From the above accounts we see, that the philosophers of antiquity had accurately observed the nature of this extraordinary influence, though they knew not to what general principle it ought to be ascribed. They noticed the sensation, and its effects on the body, the



circumstance. The officer was rejoiced to escape so well, that he was obliged to walk a distance of three miles.

The next morning Silver Heels arrived, and asked to see the officer, but was denied admission into his presence. Some of his brother officers came out, and enquired his business; he related to them the circumstance between the officer and himself, and exhibited the trophy; adding, that to-morrow he intended to go to war, and should make a point of taking an old woman prisoner, whom he should send to take the command of the fort, as the great chief was only fit to fight with his dog, or cat, when he was eating, lest they should have more than him. Then asking for some rum (which was given him,) he left the fort to fulfil his promise, but was soon after killed in an engagement, fighting manfully at the head of a party of Mohawks, near the Bloody Pond, joining to Lord Loudon's road, in the way to Albany.

---

*A Portrait of VOLTAIRE, by the late king of Prussia.*

**M.** De Voltaire is a very thin person; not tall, but rather of the middle size. He is constitutionally hot and atrabilarious, meagre-visaged, with an ardent and penetrating look, and a quick and malignant eye. In action though he is sometimes absurd from vivacity, he appears to be animated with the same fire that inspires his works. Like a meteor, which is momentarily seen, and as often vanishing, he dazzles us with his lustre. A man of such a temperament must necessarily be a valitudinarian. The blade continually lacerates the scabbard. Habitually gay, yet grave from restraint; frank yet not candid; politic yet not artful; knowing the world which he neglects, he is now Aristippus and anon Diogenes. Loving pomp yet despising the great, he behaves without restraint to his superiors, but with reserve to his equals. Polite on a first approach he soon becomes freezingly cold. He delights in, yet takes offence at courts. With great sensibility he forms but few friendships, and abstains from pleasure only from the absence of passion. When he attaches himself to any one it is rather from levity than choice. He reasons without principles, which is the cause that he, like the herd of mankind, is subject to fits of folly.



With a liberal head he has a corrupted heart. He reflects on all, and turns all into ridicule. A libertine without stamina, a moralist destitute of morality, and vain to the most supreme degree. Yet is his vanity inferior to his avarice. He writes less for fame than for money, and may be said to labour only to live. Though formed for enjoyment he is never weary of amassing.

Such is the man, here follows the author:

No Poet ever wrote verses with more facility; but this facility is detrimental, by being abused. None of his works are finished, for he does not give himself sufficient attention to retouch them. His verses are rich, elegant and full of wit. He would succeed better in writing history, were he less prodigal of his reflections, and more fortunate in his comparisons; for which he has nevertheless merited applause. In his last work, he has criticised, corrected, copied and imitated Bayle.

An author who wishes to write without passion and without prejudice, ought, it is said, to have neither religion nor country; and this is nearly the case with Voltaire. No person will tax him with partiality for his nation. He is rather possessed by the phrenzy of dotards, who are incessantly vaunting of times past at the expence of times present. Voltaire continually praises the different countries of Europe; he complains only of his own. He has not formed any system of religion for himself; and, were it not for a little of the leaven of Anti-Jansenist, which is found in several parts of his writings, he would without contradiction, possess that indifference and disinterestedness which are to be so much desired in an author.

Well acquainted with foreign as well as with French literature, he has much of that mixt erudition which is so highly the fashion of the age. He is a politician, a mathematician, an experimental philosopher; in fine he is whatever he pleases. But, wanting powers to be profound, he has only obtained a desultory knowledge of the sciences; and were it not for his wit, would not have distinguished himself in any of them. His taste is rather delicate than just. He is satyrical, pleasant and ingenious; a bad critic, and a lover of the abstract sciences. He has a very lively imagination, and, what will appear very strange, is almost destitute of invention. He is reproached with continually passing from one extreme to a other. He is alternately the philanthropist and the cynic; at this moment an



air from it; as the pure air, they say, is more forcibly attracted by charcoal than by the calx.

This new theory, which for perspicuity's sake is here exemplified in iron, must be understood of all the other, hitherto called, phlogistic processes. Thus in respiration, the phlogistians say, that the lungs deposit the superfluous phlogiston of the blood upon the air, which is successively introduced into their cavities by the act of respiration, and the antiphlogistians say, that the lungs only separate and imbibe the purer part of the atmosphere. Thus, also, in combustion, agreeably to the old theory, the combustibles part with their phlogiston, which is therefore called the inflammable principle; but according to the other theory, the combustible substances absorb pure air.

There are several circumstances which ought to be duly stated and examined, in order to shew the merits and objections which attend the two theories; but the limits of this publication can only allow a short view of the subject.

---

*Anecdote of SILVER HEELS, a Mohawk Warrior.*

From LONG'S Travels.

**I**N May I took a trip to Fort George, situated on a lake of the same name, called by the French, Saint Sacrement, where I stayed with some of the Mohawks, who were encamped there. In the beginning of the French and Indian war in 1757, there was remarkable instance of resolution and cool deliberate courage in one of these savages, occasioned by a sentence being passed upon a soldier to receive five hundred lashes for intoxication.

An Indian known by the name of Silver Heels, from his superior agility, as well as his admirable finesse in the art of war, and who had killed more of the enemy than any one of the tribes in alliance with Great Britain, accidentally came into the fort just before the soldier was to receive his punishment, and expressed his displeasure that a man should be so shamefully disgraced. He went up to the commanding officer, and asked what crime the soldier had committed. The officer not chusing



to be questioned, ordered one of his men to send Silver Heels away, and to inform him that the company of Indians was not agreeable on such occasions; "Wa! wa!" or "Oh! oh!" replied the savage; "but what is the warrior tied up for?" "For getting drunk," answered the soldier. "Is that all?" said Silver Heels; "then provide another set of halberts and tie up your chief, for he gets drunk twice a day." Having said so, he instantly left the fort, telling the soldier he should quickly return, to endeavour to prevent the punishment being inflicted. Soon after the delinquent was tied up, and the drummers in waiting to obey orders, Silver Heels returned: and going up to the officer, with a tomahawk and scalping-knife, said to him, "Father, are you a warrior, or do you only think yourself so? if you are brave, you will not suffer these men to strike this soldier whilst I am in this fort. Let me advise you not to spill the good English blood which to-morrow may be wanted to oppose an enemy." The officer, turning upon his heel, answered with an indignant look, that the soldier has transgressed, and must be flogged. "Well!" replied Silver Heels, "then flog him, and we shall soon see whether you are as brave a warrior as an Indian."

About two days after, the officer was riding some distance from the fort, and Silver Heels was laying flat on his stomach, according to his usual custom when he watched to surprize an enemy. The officer passed without perceiving him, when he instantly sprung up, and laying hold of the horse's bridle, told the officer to dismount and fight him. The officer judging it improper to risk his life against a savage, refused to dismount, and endeavoured to spur his horse. Silver Heels perceiving his intention, tomahawked the horse, who fell down suddenly, and the officer rolled on the ground without being hurt. "Now," says Silver Heels, "we are upon equal terms, and, as you have a brace of pistols and a sword, you cannot have any objection to fight me." The officer still refusing, Silver Heels told him, that he thought himself a warrior when he ordered one of his white slaves to be flogged for a breach of martial law, but that he had now forgot the character he then assumed, or he certainly would have fought him: and looking very sternly, added, that he had a great mind to make him change his climate; but as that mode of proceeding would not answer his purpose, and sufficiently expose him among his brother warriors, he might walk home as soon as he pleased; and that to-morrow morning he would come to the fort with the horse's scalp, and relate the



ror, who would no doubt come forth, alarmed by the noise, and that they should then dispatch him with their poignards. Every thing was thus settled, and they were going to pronounce the oath, when the guards of the Czar surprised them. They were immediately seized, and thrown into prison; and the accomplices whom they named were also arrested, and speedy punishment followed their crime; they were committed into the hands of the executioner, and suffered that very day.

Osakoi rose rapidly, and soon saw no one between himself and the Emperor but Prince Menzikoff, whom fortune had raised from the lowest situation to the highest dignity and honor, and who, by a fatal reverse, was precipitated a few years afterwards into the most abject misery.

---

### AN ACCOUNT OF THE PHLOGISTIC AND ANTI-PHLOGISTIC THEORIES.

**I**N different periods of time, particular subjects have engrossed the attention of philosophers, whilst other branches of knowledge have been either little attended to, or entirely overlooked: and as at present the philosophical world is principally engaged in the examination of the phlogistic or anti-phlogistic system, we shall premise a short and comprehensive prospect of it, for the information of our readers, who will thereby be enabled to understand the various subjects depending upon it.

When a metallic substance is by any means calcined, as, for instance, when a piece of iron is converted into rust, which the chemists call the calx of iron, a very remarkable alteration takes place; for the piece of iron, which was hard, smooth in its surface, and of the usual well known colour, is converted into a brownish red granulated and friable matter, incapable of malleability, of acquiring a polish, and, in short, destitute of all the essential and useful properties of iron. In explanation of the cause of this remarkable change, the philosophers of the late hundred years say, that iron is a compound of two substances; viz. an earthy and fixed one, called the calx; and another volatile ingredient, called phlogiston; and that the calcination



is no more than the separation of the two component substances, viz. the escape of the phlogiston; so that after the calcination, the calx or earthy part alone remains, which possesses its peculiar properties, so very different from those of the iron of which it was one of the component substances.

The phlogiston, in the act of calcination, is supposed to be attracted by the air; and in fact the calcination cannot take place unless the calcinable metal is exposed to respirable air, or to substances which contain respirable air.

As in the abovementioned process of calcination, one of the component substances has been separated from that which remains, it might be naturally expected that the remaining substance should weigh less than the original body or piece of iron, of which it was only a part; the fact, however, is far different, the calx being actually heavier (it is not meant in specific gravity) and larger in bulk than the original piece of iron.

This addition of weight and bulk was, a few years ago, proved to be owing to a quantity of pure air, which the calx condenses and imbibes from the atmosphere.

If this calx be surrounded by substances which are supposed to abound with phlogiston, as charcoal, and other combustible bodies, and be thus exposed to a proper degree of heat, the calx, by imbibing the phlogiston from the surrounding bodies and parting with its air, will become iron again. This operation is called the reduction of the calx.

If it be asked, what is this phlogiston, and whether it may be exhibited by itself; the answer is, that it is the inflammable principle, and that it cannot be produced by itself; but that it may be only separated from one substance, and imparted to another, in which case the former is said to be dephlogisticated, and the latter to be phlogisticated.

Now the new antiphlogistic doctrine, which seems daily to acquire additional credit and new adherents, abolishes entirely the existence, or rather the supposition of the existence of the phlogiston, and explains the phenomena of calcination and reduction, merely on the addition or privation of a proper quantity of pure air. Thus most of the present philosophers say, that a piece of iron, combined with a sufficient quantity of pure air, becomes, what is commonly known under the name of calx of iron, and that the rust or calx of iron, when deprived of its pure air, becomes iron. The necessity of surrounding the calx with charcoal or other inflammable substance, is not for the purpose of imparting the supposed phlogiston to it, but to extract the pure



ror, who would no doubt come forth, alarmed by the noise, and that they should then dispatch him with their poignards. Every thing was thus settled, and they were going to pronounce the oath, when the guards of the Czar surprised them. They were immediately seized, and thrown into prison; and the accomplices whom they named were also arrested, and speedy punishment followed their crime; they were committed into the hands of the executioner, and suffered that very day.

Osakoi rose rapidly, and soon saw no one between himself and the Emperor but Prince Menzikoff, whom fortune had raised from the lowest situation to the highest dignity and honor, and who, by a fatal reverse, was precipitated a few years afterwards into the most abject misery.

---

#### AN ACCOUNT OF THE PHLOGISTIC AND ANTI-PHLOGISTIC THEORIES.

**I**N different periods of time, particular subjects have engrossed the attention of philosophers, whilst other branches of knowledge have been either little attended to, or entirely overlooked: and as at present the philosophical world is principally engaged in the examination of the phlogistic or anti-phlogistic system, we shall premise a short and comprehensive prospect of it, for the information of our readers, who will thereby be enabled to understand the various subjects depending upon it.

When a metallic substance is by any means calcined, as, for instance, when a piece of iron is converted into rust, which the chemists call the calx of iron, a very remarkable alteration takes place; for the piece of iron, which was hard, smooth in its surface, and of the usual well known colour, is converted into a brownish red, granulated and friable matter, incapable of malleability, of acquiring a polish, and, in short, destitute of all the essential and useful properties of iron. In explanation of the cause of this remarkable change, the philosophers of the late hundred years say, that iron is a compound of two substances; viz. an earthy and fixed one, called the calx; and another volatile ingredient, called phlogiston; and that the calcination



is no more than the separation of the two component substances, viz. the escape of the phlogiston; so that after the calcination, the calx or earthy part alone remains, which possesses its peculiar properties, so very different from those of the iron of which it was one of the component substances.

The phlogiston, in the act of calcination, is supposed to be attracted by the air; and in fact the calcination cannot take place unless the calcinable metal is exposed to respirable air, or to substances which contain respirable air.

As in the abovementioned process of calcination, one of the component substances has been separated from that which remains, it might be naturally expected that the remaining substance should weigh less than the original body or piece of iron, of which it was only a part; the fact, however, is far different, the calx being actually heavier (it is not meant in specific gravity) and larger in bulk than the original piece of iron.

This addition of weight and bulk was, a few years ago, proved to be owing to a quantity of pure air, which the calx condenses and imbibes from the atmosphere.

If this calx be surrounded by substances which are supposed to abound with phlogiston, as charcoal, and other combustible bodies, and be thus exposed to a proper degree of heat, the calx, by imbibing the phlogiston from the surrounding bodies and parting with its air, will become iron again. This operation is called the reduction of the calx.

If it be asked, what is this phlogiston, and whether it may be exhibited by itself; the answer is, that it is the inflammable principle, and that it cannot be produced by itself; but that it may be only separated from one substance, and imparted to another, in which case the former is said to be dephlogisticated, and the latter to be phlogisticated.

Now the new antiphlogistic doctrine, which seems daily to acquire additional credit and new adherents, abolishes entirely the existence, or rather the supposition of the existence of the phlogiston, and explains the phenomena of calcination and reduction, merely on the addition or privation of a proper quantity of pure air. Thus most of the present philosophers say, that a piece of iron, combined with a sufficient quantity of pure air, becomes, what is commonly known under the name of calx of iron, and that the rust or calx of iron, when deprived of its pure air, becomes iron. The necessity of surrounding the calx with charcoal or other inflammable substance, is not for the purpose of imparting the supposed phlogiston to it, but to extract the pure



" Be not surpris'd," said the Russian to him, " at what I have  
 " done ; what I have to tell you requires the most profound  
 " secrecy. I am just come, as well as you, from that assembly,  
 " where the death of the Czar has been resolved upon with a  
 " solemn oath. Like you, I have been admitted this night, for  
 " the first time, among the conspirators ; and, like you, I have  
 " particular reasons for being the irreconcilable enemy of my  
 " sovereign : but if his blood be due for the cruelties with which  
 " he is accused, our plot is very badly laid. For who, I pray,  
 " are these conspirators ? Wretches stained with crimes, who  
 " have eluded the rigor of the laws ; and plunderers, who  
 " breathe nothing but robbery, murder and pillage. And who  
 " are their accomplices ? According to their account, the chief  
 " men of the empire, and yet they have not dared to name any  
 " one amongst them ! Who would so far disgrace himself, as  
 " to unite in any scheme with such banditti ?—What plot have  
 " they opened to us ?—For whom do we expose ourselves to  
 " danger, and for whom do we labor ?—Plan, means, resources  
 " —every thing is unknown to us. Yet they wish us to be-  
 " come the blind instruments of such an enterprize.—These,  
 " young Osakoi, were my doubts and fears during this assembly.  
 " The conspirators have appointed you their chief ; I readily  
 " subscribe to their choice ; but make me see a little more clear-  
 " ly into this dark and mysterious business, and you may depend  
 " upon the exertions of my arm."

A heart formed by nature alone, which chance has removed  
 from the intrigues of cities and the baneful poison of courts, be-  
 ing incapable of treachery, is seldom a prey to suspicion. Osakoi  
 was struck with the confidence of the Russian, and this confi-  
 dence emboldened him to unveil his sentiments fully. " You  
 " must have remarked my surprise," said he, " when I found  
 " myself in the midst of such an assembly : satisfied with my  
 " condition, acquainted only with my cottage, and a stranger  
 " to ambition, I enjoyed the most perfect tranquillity.—My eyes  
 " have been opened ; I have been informed that I had a fa-  
 " ther to avenge ; and that, in order to accomplish this end, I  
 " must stain my hands with the blood of my sovereign. But  
 " was I ever acquainted with this father ? Am I certain whe-  
 " ther he was innocent or guilty ? And, whilst under this doubt,  
 " I must assassinate my master !—These thoughts, I confess, are  
 " repugnant to my feelings. For who am I, to judge of the  
 " Emperor's conduct ? What right—what authority has Hea-  
 " ven given me to punish him ? The proposal made me shudder.



“ But the fear of death repressed my answer on my very lip.  
“ Since you have opened your heart to me, read what passes  
“ in mine ;—I detest crimes, and above all, a crime of this na-  
“ ture : a voice within me seems to cry out, *Love and respect*  
“ *thy sovereign*. Have pity therefore on my youth ; I give  
“ myself up to your direction—Save me from the fury of these  
“ barbarians, who have chosen me to be the executioner of their  
“ master, and of mine. For if I must either perish, or attempt  
“ the life of the Czar, I choose rather to perish innocent.”

“ Thou shalt not perish,” cried the Russian ; “ it is the Czar  
“ who now speaks to thee, and who can reward the noble in-  
“ genuity of thy sentiments.”

The person who spoke to him was indeed the Emperor him-  
self, who, under the disguise of a slave, had overheard part of the  
plot in the tavern. This discovery suggested an idea to him of  
being present at the assembly where his destruction was to be  
resolved upon. He had the courage to go thither, and escaped  
observation, by mixing with the conspirators. Having observed  
Osakoi much confused, and to falter in his answers, he deter-  
mined to save him, in case he should be found not absolutely  
guilty.

Those who may consider this story as favouring too much of  
romance, are, no doubt, ignorant that Peter's whole life was full  
of such kind of adventures. This prince, born to be the reformer  
of his nation, and who wished to see every thing with his own  
eyes, often introduced himself, disguised, into those public assem-  
blies where mirth and intoxication render the mind incapable of  
retaining a secret ; and he was indebted to this activity alone,  
for the discovery of twenty plots which were formed against him.  
The people, therefore, who equally feared and respected him,  
often used to say, *The Emperor bears us ; let us be honest*.

After having freed Osakoi from fear, by loading him with  
praise and caresses, he required of him that he would return to  
his companion at the inn, and give as an excuse for his delay,  
that he was unacquainted with the streets of Moscow.

The slave believed what he said, and Osakoi next morning  
went with him to the assembly. It was there decided that they  
should set fire to the palace ; that during the confusion occasion-  
ed by the conflagration, a part of the troop should employ them-  
selves in pillaging, whilst the other, headed by Osakoi, should  
join the conspirators in the castle, who were particularly named,  
and who were people of the first eminence in the state : that they  
should afterwards advance towards the apartment of the Empe-



of the Strelitz \* brought the Russian empire almost to the brink of destruction.

A brother to the famous Tottelawitau, colonel of that corps, lost his life upon the scaffold. He was named Ofakoi; and as his money and estate were confiscated, he left his son in a very deplorable state of misery. This unfortunate youth, having escaped the pursuit of the emperor's emissaries, in a most wonderful manner, was concealed in a certain obscure village, by an old slave who had lived with his father. When he arrived at the state of manhood, this domestic told him the secret of his birth, and proposed to him a plan of avenging his family, by assassinating the Czar. The young man started with horror upon hearing this proposal; but he dissembled his sentiments, and the slave, who imagined that he had brought him over to his purpose, prevailed upon him to set out for Moscow, where, he informed him, he would find a number of conspirators ready to second his design. Ofakoi, either through weakness, or in hopes of being revenged, followed his conductor. They arrived in the night time, and stopped at an inn near Kremlin, where the Emperor resided.

The slave having there found his friends, they resolved to hold a consultation that very night, in the ruins of an old house, which was not far distant from the palace.

Ofakoi, who had in vain attempted to learn from his companion who the conspirators were, pressed him again to satisfy his curiosity, but without success.

When the hour of appointment approached, the slave only told him that he was going to be in company with people who were animated with a desire of revenge; and who, notwithstanding his youth and want of experience, earnestly wished to have him for their chief. "The humiliating situation to which you are now reduced," added he; "the blood of your father still reeking—all ought to arouse your courage, and banish every idea of the danger that may arise from prosecuting your revenge."

These words made young Ofakoi tremble; and with more reason, as the tavern was at that time full of Russians, who, according to the custom of their country, were giving themselves up to intoxication and excess.

---

\* A body of militia, which, in some respects, might be compared to the Prætorian bands among the Romans, and the Janissaries among the Turks; but still more barbarous.



The slave it is true, spoke with a very low voice, and in a kind of provincial dialect, unknown to the Russians of Moscow; but those who devise crimes are generally blind, and for the most part betray themselves by their own imprudence.

Osakoi and the slave repaired to the ruins, where the fatal assembly was to be held. As the conspirators were already met, the most conspicuous among them addressed young Osakoi in the following manner:—"You see here," said he, "a set of unfortunate men, who have escaped from the tyranny of the Czar. That barbarian, though he put to death by the hands of the executioner, and even by his own, the greater part of our companions, the Strelitz, has not been able to extend his fury to us. Heaven hath preserved us to execute its vengeance, and the fatal moment is now arrived. Shudder with horror, young Osakoi! I have seen the blood of thy unfortunate father shed on the scaffold: I followed him to the melancholy spot; but I could not save him!—Wandering for ten years through the most frightful and dreary deserts, the misery of our situation compelled us to seek by fraud that subsistence, to which our rank, as soldiers and citizens, gave us a just title. But, to-morrow, that cruel tyrant and his courtiers shall fall by our hands. We loved your father, who was our chief; do you in turn become so, and let your resolution and courage prove you worthy of the choice which we have made. When a sovereign has once stepped beyond the lawful bounds of power, his oppressed subjects, if they have courage to emancipate themselves, may also step beyond the limits of duty and humanity."

Osakoi perceived, that in the present juncture there was no alternative, and that even the appearance of weakness would be his sentence of death; he assumed therefore a courage which he did not naturally possess.

It was agreed by the conspirators, on separating, that they should assemble next morning at the same hour; and that, for the greater security, Osakoi and the slave should return to the inn by different routes.

Scarcely had Osakoi advanced thirty steps when he was accosted by a Russian, who begged him to follow him. As he imagined this person to be one of the conspirators, he readily obeyed. Having arrived at a very narrow stair-case, which they mounted with some difficulty, they entered a small apartment, the door of which the Russian immediately shut.



medium of conduct, to vary and apply it to contingencies, is the economy I allude to; and if I succeed by such means, men of sense in any succeeding epoch will not blush to follow me, and perfect those discoveries I have only abilities to trace out roughly, or, a disposition to attempt.

A Turkish sofa has no charms for me, if it had, I could soon obtain one here. I could to-morrow take the command of the best armament of Ismael Bey.—I should be sure of success, and its consequential honours. Believe me a single “well-done!” from your association has more worth in it to me, than all the trappings of the east; and what is still more precious, is the pleasure I have in the justification of my own conduct at the tribunal of my own heart.”

To those who have never seen Mr. Ledyard, it may not perhaps, be uninteresting to know, that his person, though scarcely exceeding the middle size, was remarkably expressive of activity and strength; and that his manners, though unpolished, were neither uncivil nor unpleasing. Little attentive to difference of rank, he seemed to consider all men as his equals, and as such he respected them. His genius though uncultivated and irregular, was original and comprehensive. Ardent in his wishes, yet calm in his deliberations; daring in his purpose, but guarded in his measures; impatient of controul, yet capable of strong endurance; adventurous beyond the conception of ordinary men, yet wary and considerate; and attentive to all precautions, he appeared to be formed by nature for achievements of hardihood and peril.

They who compare the extent of his pilgrimage through the vast regions of Tartary with the scantiness of his funds, will naturally ask by what means he obtained subsistence on the road? All that I have ever learned from him on the subject was, that his sufferings were excessive, and that more than once he owed his life to the compassionate temper of the women. This last remark is strongly confirmed by the following extract from his account of his Siberian tour:

“I have always remarked, that women in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and chearful, timorous and modest; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action.—Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious, they are full of courtesy, and fond of society; more liable, in general, to err than man; but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or



savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise.

"In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue (so worthy the appellation of benevolence), these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry, I ate the coarse morsel with a double relish."

But though the native benevolence which even among savages distinguishes and adorns the female character, might sometimes soften the severity of his sufferings, yet at others he seems to have endured the utmost pressure of distress.

"I am accustomed, (said he, in our last conversation—'twas on the morning of his departure for Africa) I am accustomed to hardships. I have known both hunger and nakedness to the utmost extremity of human suffering. I have known what it is to have food given me, as charity to a madman, and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character to avoid a heavier calamity. My distresses have been greater than I have ever owned, or ever will own to any man. Such evils are terrible to bear; but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform, in its utmost extent, my engagement to the society; and if I perish in the attempt, my honour will still be safe, for death cancels all bonds."

---

### A REMARKABLE CONSPIRACY,

DISCOVERED AT MOSCOW, BY PETER THE GREAT.

[ *Translated from the Russian.* ]

**D**URING the commotions occasioned by the boundless ambition of the princess Sophia\*, it is well known that the revolt

---

\* Eldest sister of the Czar Peter, who carrying her views to the throne, attempted more than once to make him be put to death.



him, and tracing a line from Cairo to Sennar, and from thence Westward in the latitude and supposed direction of the Niger, I told him that was the route, by which I was anxious that Africa might, if possible, be explored. He said he should think himself singularly fortunate to be entrusted with the adventure. I asked him when he would set out—"To-morrow morning," was his answer. I told him I was afraid that we should not be able, in so short a time, to prepare his instructions, and to procure for him the letters that were requisite, but that if the committee should approve of his proposal, all expedition should be used.

To Mr. Ledyard was assigned at his own desire, as an enterprise of obvious peril and of difficult success, the task of travelling, from East to West, in the latitude attributed to the Niger, the widest part of the Continent of Africa.

Mr. Ledyard took his departure from London on the 30th of June, 1788, and after a journey of six and thirty days, seven of which were consumed at Paris, and two at Marseilles, arrived in the city of Alexandria.

His letters of recommendation to the British Consul secured him from the embarrassments which the want of inns would otherwise have occasioned; and procured for him the necessary instructions for assuming the dress, and adopting the manners, that are requisite for an Egyptian traveller.

Forcibly impressed by the objects which he saw, and naturally led to compare them with those which other regions of the globe had presented to his view, he describes with the energy of an original observer, and exhibits in his narrative the varied effects of similarity and contrast. But as the travellers who preceded him have obtained and transmitted to Europe whatever knowledge, either ancient or modern, the Lower Egypt affords; and as the examination of that country was no part of the business which was given him in charge, his descriptions, generally speaking, would add but little to the instruction which other narratives convey.

During his residence at Cairo he sent to the committee many remarks on the people of Africa. The views which they opened were interesting and instructive; but they derived their principal importance from the proofs which they afforded of the ardent spirit of enquiry, the unwearied attention, the persevering research, and the laborious, indefatigable, anxious zeal with which their author pursued the object of his mission.

Already informed that his next dispatch would be dated from Sennar; that letters of earnest recommendation had been given



him by the Aga; that the terms of his passage had been settled; and that the day of his departure was appointed—the committee expected with impatience the description of his journey. Great was therefore their concern, and severe their disappointment, when letters from Egypt announced to them the melancholy tidings of his death. A bilious complaint, the consequence of vexatious delays in the promised departure of the caravan, had induced him to try the effects of too powerful a dose of the acid of vitriol; and the sudden uneasiness and burning pain which followed the incautious draft, impelled him to seek relief from the violent action of the strongest Tartar emetic. A continued discharge of blood discovered the danger of his situation, and summoned to his aid the generous friendship of the Venetian Consul and the ineffectual skill of the most approved physicians of Cairo.

He was decently interred in the neighbourhood of such of the English as had ended their days in the capital of Egypt.

The bilious complaint with which he was seized has been attributed to the forwardness of a childish impatience. Much more natural is the conjecture, that his unexpected detention, week after week, and month after month, at Cairo, (a detention which consumed his finances which therefore exposed to additional hazard the success of his favourite enterprize, and which consequently tended to bring into question his honour to the society) had troubled his spirits, had preyed upon his peace, and subjected him at last to the disease that proved in its consequences the means of dragging him to his grave.

Of his attachment to the society, and of his zeal for their service, the following extracts from his letters are remarkably expressive:—

“Money! it is a vile slave!—I have at present an œconomy of a more exalted kind to observe. I have the eyes of some of the first men of the first kingdom on earth turned upon me. I am engaged by those very men in the most important objects that any private individual can be engaged in: I have their approbation to acquire or to lose; and their esteem also, which I prize beyond every thing, except the independent idea of serving mankind. Should rashness or desperation carry me through, whatever fame the injudicious might bestow, I should not accept of it; it is the good and great I look to; fame from them bestowed is altogether different, and is closely allied to a “well-done!” from God: but rashness will not be likely to carry me through any more than timid caution. To find the necessary



than relinquish his pursuit, he had made, with Capt. Cook, the voyage of the world; and feeling on his return an anxious desire of penetrating from the north-western coast of America, which Cook had partly explored, to the Eastern coast, with which he himself was perfectly familiar, he determined to traverse the vast continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean.

His first plan for the purpose was that of embarking in a vessel which was then preparing to sail, on a voyage of commercial adventure, to Nootka Sound, on the Western Coast of America; and with this view he expended in sea-stores the greatest part of the money which his chief benefactor Sir Joseph Banks (whose generous conduct the writer of this narrative has often heard him acknowledge,) had liberally supplied. But the scheme being frustrated by the rapacity of a custom-house officer, who had seized and detained the vessel for reasons which on legal enquiry proved to be frivolous, he determined to travel over land to Kamtschatka, from whence, to the Western Coast of America, the passage is extremely short. With no more than ten guineas in his purse, which was all that he had left, he crossed the British channel to Ostend, and by the way of Denmark and the Sound, proceeded to the capital of Sweden, from which, as it was winter, he attempted to traverse the Gulph of Bothnia on the ice, in order to reach Kamtschatka by the shortest way; but finding, when he came to the middle of the sea, that the water was not frozen, he returned to Stockholm, and taking his course Northward, walked into the Arctic Circle, and passed round the head of the Gulph, descended on its Eastern side to Petersburg.

There he was soon noticed as an extraordinary man. Without stockings or shoes, and in too much poverty to provide himself with either, he received and accepted an invitation to dine with the Portuguese Ambassador. To this invitation it was probably owing that he was able to obtain the sum of twenty guineas for a bill on Sir Joseph Banks, which he confessed he had no authority to draw, but which, in consideration of the business that he had undertaken, and of the progress that he had made, Sir Joseph, he believed, would not be unwilling to pay. To the Ambassador's interest it might also be owing that he obtained permission to accompany a detachment of stores which the Empress had ordered to be sent to Yakutz, for the use of Mr. Billings, an Englishman, at that time in her service.



Thus accommodated he travelled Eastward through Siberia 600 miles to Yakutz, where he was kindly received by Mr. Billings, whom he remembered on board Capt. Cook's ship, in the situation of the astronomer's servant, but to whom the Empress had now entrusted her schemes of Northern discovery.

From Yakutz he proceeded to Oczakow, on the coast of the Kamtschatka sea, from whence he meant to have passed over to that Peninsula, and to have embarked on the Eastern side in one of the Russian vessels that trade to the Western shores of America; but finding that the navigation was completely obstructed by the ice, he returned again to Yakutz, in order to wait the conclusion of the winter.

Such was his situation, when, in consequence of suspicions not hitherto explained, or resentments, for which no reason is assigned, he was seized, in the Empress's name, by two Russian soldiers, who placed him in a sledge, and conveying him, in the depth of winter, through the deserts of the Northern Tartary, left him, at last, on the frontiers of the Polish dominions. As they parted they told him, that if he returned to Russia, he would certainly be hanged; but that if he chose to go back to England, they wished him a pleasant journey.

In the midst of poverty, covered with rags, infested with the usual accompaniments of such cloathing, worn with continued hardship, exhausted by disease, without friends, without credit, unknown, and full of misery, he found his way to Koningsberg. — There in the hour of his uttermost distress, he resolved once more to have recourse to his old benefactor, and he luckily found a person who was willing to take his draft for five guineas on the President of the Royal Society.

With this assistance he arrived in England, and immediately waited on Sir Joseph Banks, who told him, knowing his temper, that he believed he could recommend him to an adventure almost as perilous as the one from which he had returned; and then communicated to him the wishes of the Association for discovering the inland countries of Africa.

Ledyard replied, that he had always determined to traverse the Continent of Africa as soon as he had explored the Interior of North America; and as Sir Joseph had offered him a letter of introduction, he came directly to the writer of these memoirs. Before I had learnt from the note the name and business of my visitor, I was struck with the manliness of his person, the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the inquietude of his eye, I spread the map of Africa before



rose furiously from the horizon in the north-west, reached the zenith, and descended in the opposite quarter. It grew darker at the moment of the concussion, extended its dimensions, and almost obscured the whole hemisphere. At the same time also appeared upon the tops of the houses and palaces that were falling to pieces, a sudden and transient flame, like those lightnings that glance from the summer clouds, leaving behind it a sulphureous smell.

The wretched inhabitants now left their houses in the greatest terror and confusion, calling upon God with piteous cries for succour, and running to and fro about the streets, not knowing whither they should flee. In the mean while the buildings on each side were falling upon them, and the earth almost continually trembling under their feet, so that in the short space of three minutes they were almost all collected together in the squares and open places of the city, under the dreadful apprehension of instant death. Every eye was bathed with tears, and every heart palpitated with fear, while they experienced an addition to their misery, by being exposed to the violence of a tempestuous wind, attended with torrents of hail and rain. It is impossible for the pencil of the most ingenious painter to delineate, or for the pen of the most able writer to describe, the horror and confusion of these wretched people. Each one sought for safety in flight, and many in seeking it met with death. Others were buried alive under the falling houses, others hung upon the beams, others upon the thresholds of the windows and balconies, from whence by means of ropes and ladders they with difficulty escaped with their lives, and others miserably perished, either under the stones and rubbish of their own dwellings, or from the buildings, which fell upon them as they passed through the streets.

They who escaped unhurt, spent the rest of the day in preparing a place of shelter against the approaching night. Some little ill-built cabins, composed of furniture taken from the ruins, were raised in the space of a few hours, within which they lay together in promiscuous companies upon the bare ground.

The earth in the mean time continued to shake incessantly, with a noise similar to a furious cannonading, which seemed to proceed from within its bowels. Sometimes the shocks were weak, sometimes strong, and so continued till midnight, when with a most tremendous noise the shaking assumed a redoubled fury, and threw down all those edifices that had resisted the former shocks. Then fell part of the walls of the cathedral, the



magnificent steeple, two hundred and twenty-five palms in height, part of the great hospital, the seminary of the priests, the remainder of the student's college, the front of the palaces upon the quay, many churches, convents and monasteries, together with multitudes of private houses. At the same time the sea rose with an extraordinary roaring to a vast height, overflowed a long tract of land near a little lake called Il Pantanello, and carried back with it some poor cottages that were there erected, together with all the men, animals and vessels it met with in its passage, leaving upon the land, which had been overflowed, a great quantity of fish of various kinds.

From twelve o'clock of the aforesaid fifth of February to the midnight following, the shocks were so frequent, that they succeeded each other without any interval longer than fifteen minutes, and continued much in the same manner till about three o'clock on the evening of the seventh, when the whole mine was sprung at once, and the last stroke given to the already ruined Messina. A cloud of dust that darkened the air rose from the falling city, and in this, more than in any of the former earthquakes, was felt a variety of motions undulatory, vertical, &c. which shattered the walls to pieces, destroyed many buildings from their very foundations, and, as if pounded in a mortar, spread them over the surface of the earth.

Some few edifices that were founded upon rocks in the upper part of the city, are still standing, but they are for the most part so cracked and damaged, that is dangerous to go near them.

---

*Some account of MR. LEDYARD's methods of Travelling.*

BY HENRY BEAUFOY, ESQ.

**M**R. LEDYARD was an American by birth, and seemed from his youth to have felt an invincible desire to make himself acquainted with the unknown, or imperfectly-discovered, regions of the globe. For several years he had lived with the Indians of America; had studied their manners, and had practised in their school the means of obtaining the protection, and of recommending himself to the favour of savages. In the humble situation of a corporal of marines, to which he submitted rather



mate? O mortals, ignorant and unworthy of your destiny! to obtain happiness, it is not necessary to cross the seas; it may be found in all conditions of life, at all times, in all places, within yourselves, around you, and wherever you mutually love.

This law of nature, too much disregarded by our philosophers, was not neglected by the legislator of a powerful nation. Xenophon, speaking to me on a certain occasion of the education of the Persian youth, told me that, in their public schools, a tribunal was instituted before which they came mutually to accuse each other of their faults; and that ingratitude was punished by it with the utmost severity. He added, that under the name of *ungrateful*, the Persians included all those who were guilty of offences towards the gods, their relatives, their country, or their friends. This law is admirable; since it not only enjoins the practice of all our duties, but likewise renders them amiable by ascending to their origin. In fact, if they cannot be transgressed without our becoming ungrateful, it follows, that it is our duty to fulfil them from a motive of gratitude; and thence results this noble and beneficial principle, that we ought only to act from sentiment.

But this doctrine is not to be held forth to those who, hurried away by violent passions, acknowledge no restraint; nor to those frigid minds who, concentrated in themselves, feel only their own personal griefs. The former are to be pitied; they are made more for the happiness of others than their own. We might perhaps be tempted to envy the lot of the latter; for, if we could join with fortune and health a profound indifference for our fellow-creatures, which yet should be disguised under the appearance of regard, we should obtain a happiness founded alone on the moderate pleasures of sense, and which perhaps would be less subject to cruel vicissitudes. But does it depend on ourselves to be indifferent? If we had been destined to live in solitude on Mount Caucasus, or in the deserts of Africa, perhaps Nature would not have given us a heart of sensibility; but, had she bestowed it on us, rather than not have loved, we should have endeavoured to fix our affection, and exercise our benevolence, on tigers and on stones.

We are therefore enforced to submit to our destiny; and, since our heart requires to be expanded, far from seeking to confine it within itself, let us increase, if possible, the warmth and activity of its motions; and, by giving them a proper direction, prevent its wanderings.

I do not propose my example as a rule; but you have



wished to be informed of the system of my life. It was by studying the law of the Persians; by drawing closer and closer the ties which unite us with the gods, our relatives, our country, and our friends; that I have found the secret of at once fulfilling the duties of my condition, and satisfying the desires of my soul. Thus also was it that I learned, that the more we live for others, the more we live for ourselves.

Philocles then enlarged on the necessity of calling to the aid of our reason and virtue an authority that may support their weakness. He showed to what a degree of power the soul may raise itself; which, considering all the events of life as so many laws that have emanated from the greatest and wisest of legislators, is obliged to struggle either against misfortune or prosperity. You will be useful to men, added he, if your piety be only the fruit of reflection; but if you are so happy as to have it become a sentiment, you will feel a more delightful pleasure in the good you shall do unto them, and more consolation under the injustice they may make you suffer.

---

## ACCOUNT OF THE EARTHQUAKE AT MESSINA

IN 1783,

*By a person who was a spectator of it.*

ON the fifth day of February, 1783, an unpropitious day, and ever to be had in remembrance by the beautiful Messina, about forty-eight minutes past eleven in the morning, the earth began to shake, at first slightly, then with such force, such bel-  
lowing, and with such various and irregular shocks, that the motion was similar to the rolling of the sea. The walls gave way on every side, knocked together, and crumbled to pieces; the roofs were tost in the air, the floors shattered, the vaults broken, and the strongest arches divided. By the force of three or four shocks, which succeeded each other without a moment's intermission, many houses were reduced to ruin, many palaces thrown down, and churches and steeples levelled with the ground. At the same time a long fissure was made in the earth upon the quay, and in an adjoining hill, while another part of the coast was covered by waves. At that instant a vast cloud like ashes



nothing; but, immediately after, I compared the pride of the monarchs who had erected them to that of a pismire who should heap up some grains of sand in a pathway, to leave to posterity some traces of his passage. The great king of Persia gave me a place at his court, and his subjects fell prostrate at my feet. Their excessive meanness only showed me the excess of their ingratitude. I returned to my country, neither admiring nor esteeming any thing; and, by a fatal consequence, no longer capable of loving any thing. When I became sensible of my error, it was no longer in my power to remedy it: but, though I do not feel a very lively affection for my fellow men, I wish my example may prove a lesson to you; for from you I have nothing to fear, since I have never been so unfortunate as to render you any service. When I was in Egypt, I was acquainted with a priest, who, after having passed his life in gloomy researches, endeavouring to penetrate the origin and end of all things, said to me, with a sigh, Woe to him who shall attempt to lift up the veil of nature! And I will say, Woe to the man who shall draw aside the veil of society! woe to him who shall refuse to yield to that theatrical illusion which our prejudices and necessities have diffused over all objects! Soon shall his soul, enfeebled and languishing, find itself plunged in the abyss of nihilism, the most dreadful of all punishments. At these words, tears fell from his eyes, and he hastened to conceal himself in the neighbouring forest.

You know with what precaution vessels shun those rocks which have occasioned the shipwreck of the first navigators. Thus, in my travels, I endeavoured to derive advantage from the errors of my fellow mortals. From them I learned, what I might have been taught by the least reflection, but what can never be properly known but by experience—that the excess of reason and virtue is almost as dangerous as excess in pleasures; that nature has given us propensities which it is as dangerous to extinguish as to exhaust by inordinant gratification; that society had claims to my services, and that I ought to labour to acquire its esteem; in fine, that, to arrive at this desirable end, which incessantly showed itself and fled before me, it was my duty to calm that inquietude which I felt in my soul, and which continually drew it out of itself.

I had never studied the symptoms of this inquietude. I perceived that, in animals, it was limited to the preservation of life, and the propagation of the species; but that in man it subsisted after satisfying of the first desires, and that among enlight-



tened nations it was more powerful and tyrannical than among ignorant people. It is therefore the luxury of thoughts and desires that poisons our existence; it is that insatiable luxury that is tormented in idleness; that, to maintain itself, feeds on our passions, and irritates them incessantly, though it gathers from them only disagreeable fruits. But why should we not furnish it with more salutary aliments? Why should we not consider that agitation which we experience even in the satiety of pleasures, and enjoyments, as a motion impressed by nature on our hearts, to force them to approach each other, and find their tranquillity in mutual union?

O humanity! sublime and generous inclination! which announcest thyself in our infancy by the transports of tenderness and simplicity; in youth, by the temerity of a blind confidence; and through the whole course of our lives, by the readiness with which we contract new connections! O voice of Nature, which resoundest from one end of the universe to the other, which fillest us with remorse when we oppress our fellow creatures, and inspirest us with the purest pleasure when we administer to them comfort! O Love! O Friendship! O Beneficence! inexhaustible sources of delicious pleasures: men are only unhappy because they refuse to listen to you. O ye gods, authors of these most valuable benefits! instinct might, no doubt, by bringing together beings overwhelmed with wants and evils, have afforded a transient support to their weakness: but infinite goodness like yours could alone have formed the plan of uniting us by the charm of sentiment; and diffusing over those extensive associations which cover the earth, a warmth capable of eternizing their duration.

Yet, instead of cherishing this sacred fire, we suffer frivolous dissensions and mean interest continually to damp its flame. If we should be told that two strangers, cast by chance on a desert island, had found in the society of each other a pleasure which indemnified them for being secluded from the rest of the world; if we should be told that there exists a family entirely occupied in strengthening the ties of consanguinity by the bonds of friendship; if we should be told that there exists, in some corner of the earth, a people who know no other law than that of loving each other, nor any other crime than that of being wanting in mutual affection; who would think of commiserating the lot of the two shipwrecked friends? who would not wish to ascertain to that family? who would not desire to fly to that happy clime.



loving and being beloved. The pretended friends I thus made choice of, without a prudent examination, occasioned me much injury, and abandoned me, some from self, and others from jealousy and fickleness. The surprise and grief I felt, forced my eyes to overflow with tears. At length, having experienced every kind of injustice and perfidy, I saw myself constrained, after repeated struggles, to renounce that confidence so dear to my heart, which I had indiscriminately reposed in all mankind. This sacrifice cost me more than any other I made in my life; I still shudder at the remembrance of it: so violent were my feelings, that they hurried me into the opposite extreme. I hardened my heart, cherished distrust and hatred with a kind of savage pleasure, and lived a wretched life. At length I called to mind that, among the multitude of opinions that are entertained concerning the nature of happiness, some who are held in greater esteem for their wisdom than others, teach that it consists in pleasure, or in the practice of virtue, and the exercise of an enlightened reason. I determined, therefore to seek mine in pleasure.

I shall suppress the particulars of the extravagance of my youth, to hasten to the moment that brought them to a period. Being in Sicily, I went to visit one of the principal inhabitants of Syracuse, who was spoken of as the happiest man of his time. His appearance shocked me; though he was yet in the prime of his life, he had every appearance of decrepitude. He was surrounded by musicians, who wearied him with celebrating his virtues; and beautiful female slaves, who by their dances kindled in his eyes, at intervals, a gloomy and dying fire. When we were alone, I said to him, I congratulate you: you have discovered the rare secret of perpetually retaining with you pleasure, who, though so fugitive to others, is with you a constant guest.—Pleasure a constant guest with me! replied he in a rage; I know it not: I suffer all the despair which the absence of it occasions. This is the only sentiment which remains with me, and which will soon complete the destruction of a body overwhelmed with pain and evils. I endeavoured to inspire him with fortitude; but I found that his mind was degraded and brutish, without principles, and without resources. I afterwards learned that he had never blushed at the acts of injustice he had committed, and that he every day wasted the fortune of his children with foolish profusion.

The example of this man, and the disgust which I on different occasions experienced, delivered me from the intoxication in



which I had for some years lived, and determined me to seek tranquillity in the practice of virtue, and the exercise of my reason. I cultivated both with ardour; but I was again on the point of going to the opposite extreme. The too great austerity of my virtue sometimes filled me with indignation against society; and, from a too rigid attachment to what I esteemed reason, I was inclined to esteem all objects as indifferent. An accidental event freed me from both these errors.

I became acquainted, at Thebes, with a disciple of Socrates, whose probity I had heard much extolled, I was struck with the sublimity of his principles, as well as with the regularity of his conduct. But he had gradually introduced so much superstition and fanaticism into the virtue he inculcated, that he might be reproached with permitting in himself no frailty, nor allowing any indulgence for others. He became peevish, suspicious, and often unjust; the qualities of his heart were esteemed, but his company was generally avoided.

A short time after, being at Delphi, at the celebration of the Pythian games, I perceived, in a gloomy alley, a man who had the reputation of being a person of great knowledge and intelligence. He appeared to me overwhelmed with chagrin. I have dissipated, said he to me, by the exertions of reason, the illusion of all things in life. I was born with all the advantages that can flatter vanity; but, instead of enjoying them, I wished to analyse them; and, from that moment, riches, birth, and personal graces, appeared to me only as vain titles, which chance had distributed among men. I attained to the first offices of magistracy in the republic; but was disgusted with the difficulty I found in doing good, and the ease with which it was in my power to do mischief. I sought glory in battle, and dyed my hands in the blood of the unfortunate, till I shuddered at my barbarous fury. I cultivated the sciences and arts: Philosophy filled me with doubts; I found in eloquence only the perfidious art of deceiving men; and in poetry, music and painting, only the puerile arts of amusing them. I aspired to obtain the esteem of the public; but, seeing around me a multitude of hypocrites, who, by their pretences to virtue, secured its applause without danger of detection, I grew careless of the public and its esteem. Nothing was now left me but a life deprived of every charm, actuated by no motive, and which was only a tedious repetition of the same actions and the same wants.

Wearied of my existence, I travelled into distant countries. The pyramids of Egypt, at the first view, filled me with as-  
to



evil, in the general system of nature ; and that the beings which make a part of this great whole, which, as a whole, is so admirable, but so incomprehensible, and sometimes so terrifying, in its parts, shall partake of this mixture, and experience continual vicissitudes. On this condition has life been bestowed on us. From the moment in which we receive it we are condemned to a continual alternation of good and evil, pleasures and pains. If you inquire the reason of this our unhappy lot, some will perhaps answer, that the gods intend to bestow on us real good and not pleasures ; that they only grant us the latter to compel us to receive the former ; and that to the greater part of mortals, the sum total of good would be infinitely greater than that of evil, if they were wise enough to refer to the former the agreeable sensations they experience, and the moments they enjoy which are exempt from trouble and disquietude. Such a system may sometimes suspend our murmurs, but the cause of them will ever remain ; for, in fact, pain and misery exist on earth, and consume the days of the greater part of men ; and even though only one single mortal should suffer, and though he should suffer but for a single moment during his whole life, still that moment of pain would be to us the most incomprehensible and distressing of mysteries.

What then is the result of these reflections ? Ought we to plunge blindly into the torrent which hurries away and insensibly destroys all beings ; to present ourselves without resistance, and as victims of fatality, to the evils by which we are menaced ; and to renounce, in fine, that hope which is the greatest, and even the only good the greater part of our fellow-mortals can experience ? Certainly not. I wish that you should be happy, but so far only as it is permitted you to be. I wish you not that chimerical happiness the hope of which is the source of the misery of the human race, but a happiness suited to our present condition, and the more solid, since it is in our power to render it independent of men and of events.

The attainment of this is sometimes facilitated by the natural disposition ; and we may even say, that certain minds are only happy because they were born happy. Others cannot struggle at once against their disposition and external obstacles, without long and unintermitted application of mind ; for, said an ancient philosopher, "the gods sell us happiness for labour, which is its price." But this mental labour requires not more efforts than the projects and exertion by which we are incessantly agitated ; and which, after all, have only for their object an imaginary happiness.



Philocles, having thus spoken, remained silent. He had not, he said, sufficient leisure, nor sufficient abilities, to reduce into a system the observations he had made on so important a subject. Deign at least, said Philotas, to communicate to us, without too scrupulously regarding order or connection, those which may accidentally suggest themselves to you. Condescend to inform us by what means you have attained to this state, at which you cannot have arrived but after a long succession of experiments and errors.

O Philocles ! exclaimed the youth Lyfis ; the zephyrs seem to sport among the branches of this plane tree, the air is filled with the odours of the flowers that hasten to disclose their beauties, these vines begin to entwine their tender branches around the myrtles which they will quit no more ; the flocks that bound in the meadows, the birds that chant their loves, the instruments that resound through the valleys, all things that I see and hear, fill me with delight and transport. Ah, Philocles ! we were created for happiness : I feel that we were, in the delicious and heartfelt emotions which I experience. If you are acquainted with the art of perpetuating these, it is a crime to conceal it from us under the veil of mystery.

You remind me, replied Philocles, of the early years of my life. I still regret the time when, like you, I resigned myself with enthusiasm to the impressions I received. Nature, to which I was yet unaccustomed, appeared to my eyes arrayed in indescribable charms ; and my soul, new to every pleasurable sensation, seemed ardently alive to the most delicious sensibility.

I was yet unacquainted with men, and imagined I found in their words and actions that innocence and simplicity which reigned in my own heart. I believed them all just, sincere, capable of friendship, what they ought to be, and what I in reality was. Above all, I believed that they were humane ; for experience is especially necessary to convince us that they are not so.

Under this delusion I entered into the world. The politeness for which the societies of Athens are distinguished, the expressions which the desire of pleasing inspires, those effusions of the heart which cost so little and flatter so much—all these deceitful externals had but too many charms for a man who had not yet proved their real worth. I met seduction half way ; and, attributing to agreeable connections the sentiments and claims of friendship, gave myself up without reserve to the pleasure of



tranquil leisure, or transporting him to a dreary climate where the half-formed blossoms of hope shall be irremediably destroyed.\* That the mind may expatiate in its true element, it is necessary that it should become neither the victim of labour, nor the slave of terror, discouragement and disgust. This is the true danger; as to pedantry, it may be questioned whether it is the offspring of early reading, or not rather of a taste for reading taken up at a late and inauspicious period,

---

### ON HAPPINESS.

#### FROM ANACHARSIS'S TRAVELS.

**P**HILOCLES, with a heart of the greatest sensibility, possessed an exquisite judgment and extensive knowledge. In his youth he had frequented the schools of the most celebrated philosophers of Greece; and, improved by their lessons, but still more by his own reflection, he had composed a system of conduct which diffused tranquillity through his own soul, and promoted peace and satisfaction among all around him. We incessantly studied this singular man, to whom each moment of his life was a moment of happiness.

One day, as we wandered about the island, we met with this inscription, on a little temple of Latona, "*Nothing is more excellent than justice, more to be desired than health, or more delightful than the possession of the object we love.*" This, said I, is the maxim which Aristotle once censured in our hearing: he alledged that the epithets contained in it ought not to be separated, and that they are only applicable to happiness. And, in fact, happiness is certainly what is most excellent, most to be desired, and most delightful. But to what purpose is it to describe its effects? It would be of much greater importance to discover how it may be obtained. That, replied Philocles, is little known; for, to arrive at it, all men choose different paths, and all differ in opinion respecting the nature of the sovereign good. Sometimes they make it consist in the enjoyment of e-

---

\* The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;  
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most eminent.



very pleasure, and sometimes in the exemption from every pain. Some have endeavoured to comprise its characteristics in short maxims: such is the sentence you have just read; and such the song which is frequently sung at table, and in which happiness is made to consist in health, beauty, riches lawfully acquired, and youth enjoyed in the bosom of friendship. Others, besides these precious gifts, require strength of body, courage, justice, prudence, temperance, and in a word, the possession of every good and every virtue. But as the greater part of these advantages do not depend on ourselves, and as we should not even find every wish precluded by their union, it is manifest that they do not essentially constitute that species of felicity which is adapted to each man in particular.

In what then does happiness consist? impatiently exclaimed one of our company. How wretched is the lot of mortals, if, incessantly compelled to pursue happiness, they are ignorant of the path they ought to choose!—Alas, replied Philocles, they are surely much to be pitied. Cast your eyes around you; in every place, in every condition of life, you will hear only complaints and lamentations, and only behold men tormented with the desire of happiness, and by passions which prevent their attaining it; unsatisfied by pleasure, without fortitude under sufferings, almost equally oppressed by disappointment and enjoyment, incessantly murmuring at their lot, and unable to quit a life the burden of which they find insupportable.

Was it, then, merely to cover the earth with miserable creatures, that the human race was created? and do the gods take a cruel pleasure in persecuting such a feeble race of beings as we are? To this I can never assent: our reproaches are due to ourselves alone. Let us inquire what idea we entertain of happiness. Is it not that of a state, in which our desires, perpetually reviving, shall be continually satiated; which shall be diversified according to the difference of inclinations, and the duration of which it shall be in our power to prolong at pleasure? But the eternal order of nature must be changed before such a state can be the lot of any mortal. Thus, to desire happiness which shall be unchangeable, and without any mixture of alloy, is to desire what cannot exist; but what, for that very reason, more excites our wishes, since nothing appears to us more desirable, than to triumph over obstacles which are, or which appear, insurmountable.

Invariable laws, too profound for our feeble researches to explain, decree that good shall be uninterruptedly mingled with



Books are the depository of every thing that is most honourable to man. Literature, taken in all its bearings, forms the grand line of demarcation between the human and the animal kingdoms. He that loves reading, has every thing within his reach. He has but to desire; and he may possess himself of every species of wisdom to judge, and power to perform.

The chief point of difference between the man of talent and the man without, consists in the different ways in which their minds are employed during the same interval. They are obliged, let us suppose, to walk from Temple-Bar to Hyde-Park-Corner. The dull man goes straight forward; he has so many furlongs to travel. He observes if he meets any of his acquaintance; he enquires respecting their health and family. He glances perhaps the shops as he passes; he admires the fashion of a buckle, and the metal of a tea-urn. If he experience any flights of fancy, they are of a short extent; of the same nature as the flights of a forest-bird, clipped of his wings, and condemned to pass the rest of his life in a farm-yard. On the other hand the man of talent gives full scope to his imagination. He laughs and cries. Unindebted to the suggestions of surrounding objects, his whole soul is employed. He enters into nice calculations; he digests sagacious reasonings. In imagination he declaims or describes, impressed with the deepest sympathy, or elevated to the loftiest rapture. He makes a thousand new and admirable combinations. He passes through a thousand imaginary scenes, tries his courage, tasks his ingenuity, and thus becomes gradually prepared to meet almost any of the many-coloured events of human life. He consults by the aid of memory the books he has read, and projects others for the future instruction and delight of mankind. If he observe the passengers, he reads their countenances, conjectures their past history, and forms a superficial notion of their wisdom or folly, their virtue or vice, their satisfaction or misery. If he observe the scenes that occur, it is with the eye of a connoisseur or an artist. Every object is capable of suggesting to him a volume of reflections. The time of these two persons in one respect resembles; it has brought them both to Hyde-Park-Corner. In almost every other respect it is dissimilar.

What is it that tends to generate these opposite habits of mind?

Probably nothing has contributed more than an early taste for reading. Books gratify and excite our curiosity in innumerable ways. They force us to reflect. They hurry us from point



to point. They present direct ideas of various kinds, and they suggest indirect ones. In a well written book we are presented with the maturest reflections, or the happiest flights, of a mind of uncommon excellence. It is impossible that we can be much accustomed to such companions, without attaining some resemblance of them. When I read Thomson, I become Thomson; when I read Milton, I become Milton. I find myself a sort of intellectual camelion, assuming the colour of the substances on which I rest. He that revels in a well-chosen library, has innumerable dishes, and all of admirable flavour. His taste is rendered so acute, as easily to distinguish the nicest shades of difference. His mind becomes ductile, susceptible to every impression, and gaining new refinement from them all. His varieties of thinking baffle calculation, and his powers, whether of reason or fancy, become eminently vigorous.

Much seems to depend in this case upon the period at which the taste for reading has commenced. If it be late, the mind seems frequently to have acquired a previous obstinacy and untractableness. The late reader makes a superficial acquaintance with his author, but is never admitted into the familiarity of a friend. Stiffness and formality are always visible between them. He does not become the creature of his author; neither bends with all his caprices, nor sympathises with all his sensations. This mode of reading, upon which we depend for the consummation of our improvement, can scarcely be acquired, unless we begin to read with pleasure at a period too early for memory to record, list the numbers of the poet, and in our unpractised imagination adhere to the letter of the moralising allegorist. In that case we shall soon be induced ourselves to "build" the unpolished "rhyme,"\* and shall act over in fond imitation the scenes we have reviewed.

An early taste for reading, though a most promising indication, must not be exclusively depended on. It must be aided by favourable circumstances, or the early reader may degenerate into an unproductive pedant, or a literary idler. It seemed to appear in a preceding essay, that genius, when ripened to the birth, may yet be extinguished. Much more may the materials of genius suffer an untimely blight and terminate in an abortion. But what is most to be feared, is that some adverse gale should hurry the adventurer a thousand miles athwart into the chaos of laborious slavery, removing him from genial influence of a

\* Milton.



and terror. He was never fatiated with praise, although he was continually receiving it; but if he was sensible to fame, he was far removed from vanity.

What Fontenelle observes of Corneille's love of fame is strongly proved by our great poet himself, in an epistle to a friend, in which we find the following description of himself, a pleasing instance how vanity becomes even agreeable in a superior genius:

Too much self-love prevails in every state;  
 Who like ourselves, our secret worth can rate?  
 Since 'tis a mode that's authoris'd at court,  
 Frankly our merits we ourselves report.  
 A proud humility will not deceive;  
 I know my worth; what other's say believe.  
 To be admir'd I form no petty league;  
 Few are my friends, but gain'd without intrigue.  
 My bold ambition, destitute of grace,  
 Scorns still to beg their votes from place to place.  
 On the fair stage my scenic toils I raise,  
 While each is free to censure and to praise;  
 And there, unaided by inferior arts,  
 I snatch th' applause that rushes from their hearts.  
 Content by merit still to win the crown,  
 With no illustrious names I cheat the town.  
 The galleries thunder, and the pit commends;  
 My verses, every where, my only friends.  
 'Tis from their charms alone my praise I claim;  
 'Tis to myself alone, I owe my fame;  
 And know no rival whom I fear to meet,  
 Or injure, when I grant an equal feat.

Voltaire censures Corneille for making his heroes say continually, they are great men. But in drawing the character of an hero he draws his own. All his heroes are only so many Corneilles in different situations.

Thomas Corneille attempted the same career as his brother; perhaps his name was unfortunate, for it naturally excited a comparison, which could not be favourable to him. Gacon, the Dennis of his day, wrote the following smart impromptu under his portrait:

Voyant le portrait de Corneille,  
 Gardez vous de crier merveille!  
 Et dans vos transports n'allez pas,  
 Prendre ici *Pierre* pour *Thomas*.



## OF AN EARLY TASTE FOR READING.

*From Godwin's Enquirer.*

THE first indications of genius disclose themselves at a very early period. A sagacious observer of the varieties of intellect, will frequently be able to pronounce with some confidence upon a child of tender years, that he exhibits marks of future eminence in eloquence, invention or judgment.

The embryon seed that contains in it the promise of talent, if not born with a man, ordinarily takes its station in him at no great distance from the period of birth. The mind is then, but rarely afterwards, in a state to receive and to foster it.

The talents of the mind, like the herbs of the ground, seem to distribute themselves at random. The winds disperse from one spot to another the invisible germs; they take root in many cases without a planter; and grow up without care or observation.

It would be truly worthy of regret, if chance, so to speak, could do that, which all the sagacity of man was unable to effect; if the distribution of the noblest ornament of our nature, could be subjected to no rules, and reduced to no system.

He that would extend in this respect the province of education, must proceed, like the improvers of other sciences, by experiment and observation. He must watch the progress of the dawning mind, and discover what it is that gives it its first determination.

The sower of seed cannot foretell which seed shall fall useless to the ground, destined to wither and to perish, and which shall take root, and display the most exuberant fertility. As among the seeds of the earth, so among the perceptions of the human mind, some are reserved, as it were, for instant and entire oblivion, and some, undying and immortal, assume an importance never to be superceded. For the first we ought not to torment ourselves with an irrational anxiety; the last cannot obtain from us an attention superior to their worth.

There is perhaps nothing that has a greater tendency to decide favourably or unfavourably respecting a man's future intellect, than the question whether or not he be impressed with an early taste for reading.



At length he gave *Pertharite*, a tragedy, which proved unsuccessful. This so much disgusted our veteran bard, that, like Ben Johnson, he could not conceal his chagrin in the preface to this tragedy. He there tells us, that he renounces forever the theatre, and, indeed, this *eternity* lasted for *several years*!

Disgusted by the fate of his unfortunate tragedy, he directed his poetical pursuits to a different species of composition. He now finished his translation in verse, of the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, by Thomas a Kempis. This work, perhaps, for the singularity of its author becoming a religious writer, was attended with astonishing success. The observations of Fontenelle on this production are however just. He tells us, that he does not find in this translation the prevailing charm of the original, which consists in its simplicity and *naivete*; which are all lost in that pomp of versification so natural to Corneille. This book, he continues, the finest that ever proceeded from the hand of man (since the gospel does not come from man) would not go so direct to the heart, and would not seize on it with such force, if it had not a natural and tender air, to which even that negligence which prevails in the style greatly contributes. After this eulogium of our critic, I must add, that Voltaire says, It is reported that Corneille's translation of the *Imitation of Jesus Christ* has been printed thirty-two times; it is as difficult to believe this, as it is to read the book once!

Corneille seems not to have been ignorant of the truth of this criticism. In his dedication of it to the Pope, he says, 'The translation which I have chosen, by the simplicity of its style, precludes all the rich ornaments of poetry, and far from increasing my reputation, must be considered rather as a sacrifice made to the glory of the sovereign author of all which I may have acquired by my poetical productions.' This is an excellent elucidation of the truth of that precept of Johnson which respects religious poetry; but of which the author of *Calvary* seems not to have been sensible. The merit of religious composition appears, like this *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, to consist in simplicity, and consequently is inimical to the higher poetical embellishments.

When Racine the son published a long poem on 'Grace,' taken in it's holy sense, the most unhappy subject, at least for poetry, it was said that he had written on *Grace*, without *Grace*.

During the space of six years, Corneille rigorously kept his promise of not writing for the theatre. At length, overpowered by the persuasions of his friends, and probably by his own inclinations, he once more directed his studies to the drama. He



recommenced in 1659, and finished in 1675. During this time he wrote ten new pieces, and published a variety of little religious poems, which, although they do not attract the attention of posterity, were then read with great delight, and probably preferred to his finest tragedies, by the good catholics of the day.

In 1675, he terminated his career. In the last year of his life, his mind became so enfeebled as to be incapable of thinking; and, he died in extreme poverty. It is true that his uncommon genius had been amply rewarded; but amongst his great talents, we cannot count that one, of preserving those favours of fortune which he had acquired.

Fontenelle, his nephew, has given us a minute and interesting description of this great man, of which I shall borrow the greater part. I must first observe, what Marville says, that when he saw Corneille, he had the appearance of a country tradesman, and that he could not conceive how such a man could put into the mouths of his Romans such heroic sentiments. Corneille was sufficiently large and full in his person; his air simple and vulgar, always negligent, and very little solicitous of pleasing by his exterior. His face had something agreeable, his nose large, his mouth not unhandsome, his eyes full of fire, his physiognomy lively, with strong features, well adapted to be transmitted to posterity on a medal or bust. His pronunciation was not very distinct; and he read his verses with force, but without grace.

He was acquainted with polite literature, with history, and politics; but he generally knew them best as they related to the stage. For other knowledge, he had neither leisure, curiosity, nor much esteem. He spoke little, even on subjects which he perfectly understood. He did not embellish what he said, and to discover the great Corneille, it became necessary to read him.

He was of a melancholy disposition, had something blunt in his manner, and sometimes he appeared rude; but in fact he was no disagreeable companion, and made a good father, and husband. He was tender, and his soul was very susceptible of friendship. His constitution was very favourable to love, but never to debauchery, and rarely to violent attachments. His soul was fierce and independent; it could never be managed, for it would never bend; this indeed rendered him very capable of portraying the Roman virtue, but incapable of improving his fortune. Nothing equalled his incapacity for business but his aversion; the slightest troubles of this kind occasioned him alarm



chanting prospect! What I saw rendered me less incredulous of the accounts of Olympus and mount Athos, which they assert to be higher than the region of the clouds from whence descend the showers of rain.

After having satisfied my eyes for some time with those delightful objects, which elevated my mind and inspired it with pious reflections; I took the book of St. Augustine's confessions which I had from you, and which I always carry about me. It is dear to me for its own value, and the hands from whence I received it, render it dearer still; on opening it I accidentally fell on this passage in the tenth book: "Men go far to observe the summits of mountains, the waters of the sea, the beginnings and the courses of rivers, the immensity of the ocean, *but they neglect themselves.*"

I take God and my brother to witness that what I say is true. I was struck with the singularity of an accident, the application of which it was so easy for me to make.

After having shut the book I recollected what happened to St. Augustine and St. Anthony on the like occasion, and believing I could not do better than imitate those great saints, I left off reading, and gave myself up to the croud of ideas which presented themselves, on the folly of mortals, who neglecting their most noble part, confuse themselves with vain objects, and go to seek that with difficulty abroad, which they might easily meet with at home. If, said I, I have undergone so much labour and fatigue, that my body may be nearer heaven; what ought I not to do and suffer, that my soul may come there also?

In the midst of these contemplations I was got, without perceiving it, to the bottom of the hill, with the same safety and less fatigue than I went up. A fine clear moon favoured our return. While they were preparing our supper, I shut myself up in a corner of the house, to give you this account, and the reflections it produced in my mind. You see, my father, that I hide nothing from you. I wish I was always able to tell you not only what I do, but even what I think. Pray to God that my thoughts, now alas! vain, and wandering, may be immovably fixed on the only true and solid good.



## PETER CORNEILLE.

Exact Racine and CORNEILLE's noble fire  
Shew'd us that France had something to admire.

POPE.

THE great Corneille having finished his studies devoted himself to the bar; but this was not the stage on which his abilities were to be displayed. He followed the occupation of a lawyer for some time, without taste, and without success. A trifling circumstance discovered to the world and to himself a different genius. A young man who was in love with a girl of the same town, having solicited him to be his companion in one of those secret visits which he paid to the lady, it happened that the stranger pleased infinitely more than his introducer. The pleasure arising from this adventure excited in Corneille a talent which had hitherto been unknown to him, and he attempted, as if it were by inspiration, dramatic poetry. On this little subject he wrote his comedy of *Melite*, in 1625. At that moment the French drama was at a low ebb; the most favourable ideas were formed of our juvenile poet, and comedy, it was expected, would now reach its perfection. After the tumult of approbation had ceased, the critics thought that *Melite* was too simple and barren of incident. Angered by this criticism, our poet wrote his *Clitandre*, and in that piece has scattered incidents and adventures with such a licentious profusion, that the critics say, he wrote it rather to censure the public taste, than to accommodate himself to it. In this piece, the persons combat on the theatre; there are murders and assassinations; heroines fight; officers appear in search of murderers, and women are disguised as men. There is matter sufficient for a romance of ten volumes, and yet, says a French critic, nothing can be more cold and tiresome. He afterwards indulged his natural genius in various other performances; but began to display more forcibly his tragical powers in his *Medea*. A comedy which he afterwards wrote was a very indifferent composition. He regained his full lustre in the famous *Cid*, a tragedy, of which he preserved in his closet translations in all the European languages, except the Slavonian and the Turkish. He pursued his poetical career with uncommon splendour in the *Horaces*, *Cinna*, and at length in *Polyeuctes*, which productions, the French critics say, can never be surpassed.



and courage; nothing was wanting: but this mass of rocks is of a steepness almost inaccessible. Towards the middle of the mountain we found an old shepherd who did all he could to divert us from our project. It is about fifty years ago, said he, that I had the same humour with yourselves; I climbed to the top of the mountain, and what did I get by it!—My body and my clothes torn to pieces by the briars, much fatigue and repentance, with a firm resolution never to go thither again. Since that time I have not heard it said that any one has been guilty of the same folly.

Young people are not to be talked out of their schemes. The more the shepherd exaggerated the difficulties of the enterprise, the stronger desire we felt to conquer them. When he saw that what he said had no effect, he shewed us a steep path along the rocks; that is the way you must go, said he.

After leaving our clothes and all that could embarrass us, we began to climb with inconceivable ardour. Our first efforts, which is not uncommon, were followed with extreme weakness: we found a rock, on which we rested for some time: after which we resumed our march; but it was not with the same agility; mine slackened very much. While my brother followed a very steep path which appeared to lead to the top, I took another which was more upon the declivity. Where are you going? cried my brother, with all his might; that is not the way, follow me. Let me alone, said I, I prefer the path which is longest and easiest. This was an excuse for my weakness. I wandered for some time at the bottom; at last shame took hold of me, and I rejoined my brother who was set down to wait for me. We marched one after another some time, but I became weary again and sought an easier path; and at last overwhelmed with shame and fatigue, I stopped again to take breath. Then abandoning myself to reflection, I compared the state of my soul which desires to gain heaven, but walks not in the way to it, to that of my body which had so much difficulty in attaining the top of mount Ventoux, notwithstanding the curiosity which caused me to attempt it. These reflections inspired me with more strength and courage.

Mount Ventoux is divided into several hills, which rise one above the other; on the top of the highest is a little plain, where we seated ourselves on our arrival.

Struck with the clearness of the air, and the immense space I had before my eyes; I remained for some time motionless and



astonished. At last waking from my reverie, my eyes were insensibly directed towards that fine country to which my inclination always drew me. I saw those mountains covered with snow, where the proud enemy of the Romans opened himself a passage with vinegar, if we may believe the voice of fame: though they are at a great distance from mount Ventoux, they seemed so near that one might touch them. I felt instantly a vehement desire to behold again this dear country, which I saw rather with the eyes of the soul than those of the body: some sighs escaped me which I could not prevent, and I reproached myself with a weakness I might have justified by many great examples.

Returning to myself again, and examining more closely the state of my soul; I said, it is near ten years, Petrarch, since thou hast quitted Bologna: what a change in thy manners since that time! Not yet safe in port, I dare not view those tempests of the mind with which I feel myself continually agitated. The time will perhaps come, when I may be able to say with St. Augustine; If I retrace my past errors, those unhappy passions that overwhelmed me, it is not because they are still dear, it is because I will devote myself to none but thee my God. But I have yet much to do. I love, but it is a melancholy love. My state is desperate. It is that which Ovid paints so strongly in that well known line;

“I cannot hate, and I am forced to love!”

If said I thou shouldst live ten years longer, and in that time make as much progress in virtue; wouldst thou not be able to die with a more assured hope? Abandoned to these reflections, I deplored the imperfection of my conduct, and the instability of all things human.

The sun was now going to rest, and I perceived that it would soon be time for me to descend the mountain. I then turned towards the west, when I sought in vain that long chain of mountains which separates France from Spain.

Nothing that I knew of hid them from my sight, but nature has not given us organs capable of such extensive views. To the right I discovered the mountains of the Lyonnaise, and to the left the surges of the Mediterranean, which bathe Marseilles on one side, on the other dash themselves to pieces on the rocky shore. I saw them very distinctly, though at the distance of several days journey.

The Rhone glided under my eyes; the clouds were at my feet. Never was there a more extensive, variegated and en-



exercised a flow, but an indelible judgment, took up the cause of this unhappy victim. The years of passion were over with the prince, and humanity began to soften his heart, as his whitening hairs admonished him of his mortality. Treading slowly the decline of life, he felt a hankering desire after the favourite of his youth. That he might compensate, as much as possible, to the old man the disasters he had heaped on him while young, he invited the exile, in friendly terms, to return to his country; to which Aloysius was by no means averse, as an ardent inclination to pass the remainder of his days in peace at home had long dwelt in his heart. The meeting was attended on both sides with real emotion, the embrace was as warm and affecting, as if they had parted but yesterday. The prince looked him in the face with a considering regard, as if contemplating the countenance so familiar and yet so strange; or as if counting the wrinkles he had made on it himself. With eager research he strove to recollect the beloved features of the youth in the shriveled visage of age; but what he sought for was no more to be found. They forced themselves into a kind of cold familiarity—shame and fear had separated their hearts for ever and ever. A sight that must ever recall his cruel precipitancy to his mind could give no complacency to the prince; and Aloysius could no longer be familiar with the author of his woes. Yet sedate and consoling was his view of the past, as a man gladly looks back on the end of a frightful voyage.

It was not long ere Aloysius was seen again in full possession of all his former dignities—and the prince repressed his inward aversion to give him a splendid compensation for what was past. But could he give him back the satisfaction he had before in these distinctions; could he revive the heart he had deadened for ever to the enjoyment of life? Could he give him back the years of hope? or think of conferring on him a happiness when old, that should but remotely make amends for the robbery he had committed on him when in the prime of life?

For nineteen years, however, he enjoyed this bright evening of his days. Neither age nor adversity had been able to abate the fire of his passions, nor entirely subdue the hilarity of his spirit. Still, in his seventieth year, he was grasping at the shadow of a comfort, that in his twentieth he actually possessed. At length he died—commander of the fortress where the state prisoners were kept. It may be expected that he exercised toward



them a humanity, the value of which he had so severely been taught to know. But he treated them with cruelty and caprice; and a burst of rage against one of them laid him in the grave in his eightieth year.

---

### PETRARCH'S ACCOUNT OF HIS ASCENDING MOUNT VENTOUX.

HAVING passed my life in the province of Venaissan, I have always had a desire to visit a mountain which is described from all parts, and which is so properly called the mountain of the winds. I sought a companion for this expedition; and, what will appear singular, among the number of friends that I had, I met with none quite suited to my mind: so true it is, that it is rare to find, even among persons who love one another the best, a perfect conformity in taste, inclination and manner of thinking. One appeared to me too quick, another too slow; I found this man too lively, the other too dull; there is one, said I to myself, too tender and too delicate to sustain the fatigue; there is another too fat and too heavy, he can never get so high; in fine, this is too petulant and noisy, the other too silent and melancholy. All these defects, which friendship can support in a town and in a house, would be intolerable on a journey. I weighed this matter, and finding that those whose society would have pleased me, either had affairs which prevented them, or had not the same curiosity as myself, I would not put their complaisance to the proof. I determined to take with me my brother *Gerard*, whom you know. He was glad to accompany me, and felt a sensible joy in supplying the place of a friend as well as a brother.

We went from Avignon to Malancene, which is at the foot of the mountain, on the north side, where we slept the night, and reposed ourselves the whole of the next day. The day after, my brother and myself, followed by two domestics, ascended the mountain with much trouble and fatigue, though the weather was mild and the day very fine. We had agility, strength,



charging fortune with injustice in loading him with such heavy calamities. To the sensible sensation of his misery was associated a raging self abhorrence, and the pain that is always most biting to stubborn hearts, to depend on the generosity of a foe, to whom he had never shewn any himself.

But this upright man was of a disposition too noble to harbour a mean revenge. The severity he was enjoined by his instructions to use towards his prisoner, cost many a struggle to his friendly spirit; but, as an old soldier, accustomed to follow the letter of his orders with implicit precision, he could do no more than bewail his misfortunes. The forlorn wretch in the dungeon found an active helper in the person of the chaplain to the garrison; who, moved at the distress of the miserable captive, of which he had not till lately heard, and that now only by obscure and unconnected reports, immediately took up the firm resolution, of doing somewhat for his relief. This worthy ecclesiastic, whose name I suppress with reluctance, thought he could nowise better comply with his pastoral office, than by turning now to the benefit of a poor unhappy man who was capable of assistance by no other means.

As he could not obtain from the commandant of the fortress leave to visit the prisoner, he set out in person on the road to the capital, to present his request directly to the prince. He made his genuflexion before him, and implored his compassion in behalf of a miserable man, who was languishing in utter destitution of the benefits of christianity, from which even criminals attainted of the blackest enormities cannot justly be excluded, and perhaps verging on the horrors of despair. With all the intrepidity and dignity which the sentiment of discharging our duty inspires, he demanded free access to the prisoner, who belonged to him as one of his flock, and for whose soul he was answerable to heaven. The good cause he was pleading gave him an irresistible eloquence, and as the first displeasure of the prince was somewhat abated by time, he granted him his request to go and comfort the prisoner by a spiritual visit.

The first human countenance that the wretched Aloysius had seen for a period of sixteen months, was the face of this ghostly comforter. For the only friend he had in the world, he was indebted to his misery; his prosperity had gained him none. The entrance of the preacher was to him the apparition of an angel. I make no attempt to describe his feelings. But, from this day forth his tears flowed in less abundance, as he saw himself pitied by one human being.

A  
of de  
grilly  
look  
journ  
colou  
ponde  
one h  
a hide  
him o  
venti  
tune  
dering  
fight,  
verno  
emaci  
nothin  
Bu  
letter  
ther j  
the cl  
think  
ter up  
to the  
compl  
said t  
In  
more  
ite wa  
either  
him.  
dempt  
quitta  
grace  
count  
He  
been  
myself  
this fi  
servic  
liant  
at hon



A ghastly horror seized the ecclesiastic on entering this cave of despair. His eyes rolled about in search of a man—when a grisly spectre crawled out of a corner to meet him, a place that looked more like the den of some savage monster than the sojourn of a human creature. A pale and death-like carcase, all colour of life departed from his visage, in which sorrow and despondency had worn large furrows, the haggard eye-balls fixt in one horrid stare, the beard and nails grown by long neglect to a hideous length, the cloaths half-rotted away, and the air about him charged with pestilential vapour from the total want of ventilation—in this condition did he find this darling of fortune; and all this had his adamant health withstood! Shuddering with horror, and overpowered with compassion at the sight, the preacher ran immediately from the spot to the governor, to draw from him a second boon in favour of the poor emaciated wretch, without which the former would stand for nothing.

But he, sheltering his refusal once more under the express letter of his instructions, the pastor generously resolved on another journey to the residence, to throw himself once more on the clemency of the prince: He declared, that he could not think of profaning the dignity of the sacrament so far, as to enter upon so sacred an act with his prisoner, until he was restored to the likeness of a man. This request was likewise graciously complied with; and from that time the prisoner might again be said to live.

In this fortress Aloysius still passed several years, but in a far more easy situation, after the short summer of the new favourite was gone by, and others had succeeded to the post, who were either of humaner sentiments, or had no revenge to satiate upon him. At length after a ten years confinement, the day of redemption appeared—but no judicial examination, no formal acquittal. He received his liberty from the hands of princely grace; at the same time that it was enjoined him to quit the country for ever.

Here the accounts of his history forsake me, which I have been able to gather alone from oral tradition; and I perceive myself obliged to skip over a period of twenty years. During this space Aloysius had began his career afresh in the military services of foreign states, which led him also there to the brilliant eminence from whence he had been so dreadfully hurled at home. Time, at last, the friend of the unfortunate, who ex-



sword in the name of the prince. It was delivered to him with a look of silent surprise ; when, setting the point against the ground, and putting his heel upon the middle of the blade, he snapped it in two, and let fall the pieces at the feet of Aloysius. This signal being given, two adjutants seized him by the collar, a third fell to cutting out the star on the breast of his coat, and another proceeded to take the ribband from his shoulder, the epaulets from the uniform, and the feather from his hat. During the whole of this amazing operation, which went on with incredible rapidity, among more than five hundred men who stood close round, not a single sound was to be heard, not a breath in the whole assembly. The terrified multitude stood fixt, with pallid countenances, with palpitating hearts, and with a death-like stare, round him, who in this wretched condition—a singular spectacle of ridicule and horror!—past a moment that is only to be felt under the hands of the executioner. Thousands in his place would have fallen senseless to the earth at the first impulse of terror, but his robust nervous system, and his vigorous spirit, outstood this dreadful trial, and gave time for the horrors of it to pass and evaporate.

No sooner was this operation over, than he was conducted along the rows of innumerable spectators to the farther extremity of the place de parade, where a covered carriage stood waiting for him. He was ordered by dumb signs to get into it ; an escort of hussars accompanied him. The report of this transaction was soon spread over all the residence ; every window was opened, and all the streets were filled by persons whom curiosity and surprise had brought from their habitations. A mob ran after the cavalcade, who assailed the ears of the disgraced minion with the intermingled shouts of scorn and triumph, and the still more cutting repetitions of his name with terms of pity. At length he was got out of their noise, but a new scene of terror awaited him here. The carriage turned off from the high road, down an unfrequented long by-way—the way towards the place of execution ; whither, by express order of the prince, he was dragged slowly along. Here, after making him feel all the torments of the agonies of death, they turned again down another cross-road, much frequented by passengers. In the scorching heat of the sun, without any refreshment, destitute of human converse, he passed seven doleful hours in this conveyance, which stopped at last, as the sun went down, at the place of his destination, the fortress of Crumwald. De-



prived of consciousness, in a middle state between life and death, as a fast of twelve hours and a constantly parching thirst had at last got the better of his gigantic force, they lifted him out of the vehicle—and he came to himself in a horrid dungeon under the earth. The first sight that presented itself to his opening eyes was the dreadful prison-wall, against which the moon darted down some feeble rays, through a narrow crevice at the height of nineteen fathoms from the ground of his cell. At his side he felt a scanty loaf of bread and a pitcher of water, and near him a scattering of straw for his couch. In this condition he held out till the following noon; when, in the middle of the turret, a sliding shutter seemed to open of itself, through which presently two hands appeared, letting down a hanging basket with the same allotment of provision he had found beside him the day before. Now, for the first time since his fatal reverse, pain and anxiety forced from him these questions to the invisible person; how he came here; and what crime he had committed? But no answer was returned from above: the hands were withdrawn, and the shutter closed. Without seeing a human visage, without even hearing a human voice, unable to guess at what might be the end of this deplorable stroke, in like dreadful uncertainty on the future and on the past, cheered by no genial ray of light, refreshed by no wholesome breeze, cut off from all assistance, and abandoned by common compassion, four hundred and ninety doleful days did he count in this place of condemnation, by the bread of affliction which was daily let down to him at noon in silent and sad uniformity. But a discovery he made soon after his confinement here, completed the measure of his distress. He knew this place.—He himself it was who, impelled by a spirit of base revenge, had built it afresh but a few months before for a brave and deserving officer, who, for having been so unfortunate as to fall under his displeasure, was here to pine away his life in sorrow. With ingenious barbarity he himself had furnished the means of making this dungeon a more cruel abode. Not a long time ago he had come hither in person to take a view of the building and to hasten the work. For deepening his misery to the utmost extreme, it must so fall out in the order of things, that the very officer for whom this gloomy cell was prepared should succeed to the post of the deceased commandant of the fortress; and, from a victim to his vengeance, should become the master of his fate. Thus vanished away his last sad comfort of self commiseration, and of



much on his guard, to awaken his opponent from this presumptuous security, by any inconsiderate act of his. What had made thousands before him to tripe on the slippery ground of princely favour, caused Aloysius also to fall—too much confidence in himself. The private familiarities that passed between Martinengo and his master, gave him no disturbance at all. He readily granted the upstart of his own erection a happiness which he in his heart despised, and which he had never made the object of his pursuit. The friendship of the prince had never any charms for him but as it alone could smoothen his way to sovereign power; and he carelessly kicked down the ladder behind him as soon as it had helped him to the elevation he sought.

Martinengo was not the man to content himself with playing so subordinate a part. At every advance in the favour of his master, he gave his wishes a bolder scope, and his ambition began to thirst after more solid gratifications. The artificial display of submission he had hitherto made to his benefactor, became daily more irksome to him as the growth of his prosperity awakened his arrogance. The refinement of the minister's behaviour towards him, not proceeding in equal pace with the rapid advances he made in the favour of the prince, but, on the contrary, often seemed visibly enough designed to humble his aspiring pride by a salutary glance at his origin; so this constrained and contradictory behaviour grew at length so troublesome that he seriously set about a plan to end it at once by the downfall of his rival. Under the most impenetrable veil of disguise he fostered his plan to maturity. Yet durst he not venture to measure swords with his rival in open combat; for, though the prime of Aloysius's favouritism was over, yet it had been too early implanted, and was too deeply rooted in the mind of the youthful prince, to be so suddenly torn up. The slightest circumstance might restore it to its pristine vigour; and therefore Martinengo well imagined that the blow he intended to give him must be a mortal blow. What Aloysius perhaps had lost in the prince's love he might have gained in his esteem; the more the latter withdrew from state-affairs, the less could he dispense with the man, who, even at the expence of the country, took care of his interests with the most conscientious fidelity and devotion—and dear as he had formerly been as a friend, so important was he now to him as minister.

The particular method by which the Italian reached his aim



remained a secret between him who received the stroke and him who struck it. It is supposed, that he laid before the prince the originals of a secret and suspicious correspondence, which Aloysius should have carried on with a neighbouring court; whether genuine or forged is a matter on which opinions are divided. Be that as it may, he obtained his end to a dreadful degree. Aloysius appeared in the eyes of the prince as the most ungrateful and blackest of traitors, whose treason was placed so far out of doubt, that it was thought proper to proceed immediately against him without any formal trial. The whole was managed with the profoundest secrecy between Martinengo and his master, so that Aloysius never once perceived the storm that was gathering over his head. Obstinate in his baneful security, till the awful moment, when he was sunk from an object of general adoration and envy to an object of the deepest compassion.

On the arrival of the decisive day, Aloysius, according to custom, went to take a turn on the parade. From ensign he had become, in the space of a few years, colonel of the guards; and even this post was no more than a modest name for the office of prime minister, which in fact he filled, and distinguished him above the foremost in the country. The guard-parade was the place where his pride was wont to receive the general homage, where in one short hour he enjoyed a grandeur and glory which amply repaid him for the toils of the preceding day. Here persons of the highest ranks approached him only with respectful timidity, and those who did not feel themselves sure of his smiles, with trembling. The prince himself, if occasionally he presented himself here, saw himself neglected in comparison of his grand visier, as it was far more dangerous to displease the latter than it was of use to have the former for a friend. And this very place, where he was accustomed to be revered as a god, was now pitched upon to be the dreadful theatre of his degradation.

He entered carelessly the well-known circle, who stood around him to day with the same reverence as ever, expecting his commands, as ignorant of what was to happen as he was himself. It was not long before Martinengo appeared, attended by some adjutants; no longer the supple, cringing, smiling courtier—arrogant and strutting with pride, like a lackey raised to a lord, he went up to him with bold and resolute steps, and standing before him with his hat on his head, demanded his



felt a sufficiency of courage and ability. While the prince was running a round of pleasures, the young favourite employed himself in digging in the mines of records and books; and devoted himself with laborious assiduity to the business of the state: in which at length he rendered himself so accomplished and expert, that all affairs of any consequence passed through his hands. From being a companion in the pleasures, he became the chief counsellor and prime minister, and at last the master of his prince. There was soon no way to the latter but through him. He disposed of all offices and dignities; all recompences and favours were received from his hands.

Aloysius had mounted to this pinnacle of grandeur at too early a time of life and in too sudden a manner, for enjoying it in moderation. The elevation to which he saw himself raised, made him giddy with ambition; his modesty forsook him when he had reached the last aim of his wishes. The tribute of humble submission which was paid him by the first persons of the country, by all who were his superiors by birth, consideration, and fortune, and even by the veterans in office, intoxicated him with pride; and the unbounded authority with which he was invested soon gave a certain hardness to his deportment, which thenceforward became a main feature in his character, and attached itself to him through all the vicissitudes of his fortune. No services were too painful and great for his friends to expect of him; but his enemies had reason to tremble: for as excessive as his complacency was on one side, so little moderation was in his revenge on the other. He made less use of his authority for enriching himself, than in making the fortune of numbers, who might look up to him as the author of their prosperity; but humour, not equity, selected the object. By a haughty imperious demeanour he estranged from him the very hearts of those whom he had cherished most, while he at the same time turned all his rivals into so many secret maligners or implacable foes.

Among the number of those who watched all his steps with jealous and invidious eyes, and were already forming themselves into the instruments of his ruin, was a count of Piedmont, Joseph Martinengo, belonging to the suite of the prince, whom Aloysius himself had put into this, as a harmless creature devoted to him, that he might fill the place in the prince's amusements which he began to feel too dull for himself, and which he rather chose to exchange for a more important employment. As



he considered this man as the work of his hands, whom, by a single nod, he could re-plunge into the primitive nothing out of which he had drawn him by the breath of his mouth; so he held himself sure of him, as well from motives of fear as from gratitude; and thus fell into the same mistake, as Richelieu did in delivering the young Le Grand as a plaything to Lewis XIII. But, besides being unable to correct this mistake with Richelieu's address, he had to do with a more artful enemy than the French minister had had to contend with. Instead of being vain of his success, and making his benefactor feel that he could now do without him, Martinengo was sedulous to keep up the shew of dependence, and with a feigned submission to attach himself closer to the creator of his fortune. At the same time however he did not neglect to use the opportunities his post afforded him of being frequently about the prince, in their full extent, and to render himself by imperceptible degrees necessary and indispensable to him. In a short time he had gained a thorough knowledge of the temper and dispositions of his master, had descried every latent avenue to his confidence, and had insensibly stolen into his graces. All those arts which a generous pride and a natural elevation of soul had taught the minister to look down upon with contempt, were put in play by the Italian, who did not disdain to employ the most base and servile means for arriving at his aim. Knowing full well that a man is no where in more want of a guide and assistant than in the ways of vice, and that nothing conduces to bolder confidences than a co-partnership in secret indulgences; he inflamed those passions which had hitherto lain dormant in the heart of the prince, and then pressed himself upon him as his confident and encourager. He seduced him into those excesses which least of all admit of being witnessed or known; and thus imperceptibly accustomed him to make him the depositary of secrets from which a third was ever excluded. In short, he at length built his infamous plan of success on the corruption of the prince, and executed it the more easily, as secrecy was a means essential to its completion; so that he was in possession of the heart of the prince ere Aloysius could have the smallest surmise that he shared it with another.

It may be thought somewhat surprising, that so considerable a change should escape the attention of the sagacious minister: but Aloysius was too secure in his own importance for admitting the thought that such a man as Martinengo was likely to become his rival; and the latter was too present to himself, too



I have sometimes dined in the piazzas, or sheds, before mentioned, and sometimes in the open area of some of the courts: on the latter occasions, the tables, &c. were screened from the sun by large umbrellas held up by attendants, clothed in the country dress; which (for the men) in Dahomy, consists of a pair of wide drawers, and a piece of cloth about three yards long and two broad, worn loosely round the body, in such a manner as to leave the right arm free and bare. I found no deficiency of table apparatus, and the king has always a succession of cooks trained up in the European forts at Whydah, so that he is able to treat his visitors with victuals dressed after their own manner. My repasts used to be served up in plates and dishes of pewter and earthen ware. I should remark, that although the two-two and dog's flesh are highly relished by the natives, the king's European guests are never disgusted by the introduction of either.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE ELEPHANT.

THE two following instances of the sagacity of the Elephant are related by Dr. Darwin, in his *Zoonomia*, who says he obtained them from "a gentleman of distinct observation, and "undoubted veracity who had been much conversant with "the East-Indies."

**F**IRST, the Elephants that are used to carry the baggage of our armies, are put each under the care of one of the natives of Indostan, and whilst himself and his wife go into the woods to collect leaves and branches of trees for his food, they fix him to the ground by a length of chain, and frequently leave a child yet unable to walk, under his protection: and the intelligent animal not only defends it, but as it creeps about, (when it arrives near the extremity of his chain,) he wraps his trunk gently round its body, and brings it again into the centre of the circle.

"Secondly, the traitor Elephants are taught to walk on a narrow path between two pit-falls, which are covered with turf, and then to go into the woods, and to seduce the wild Elephants to come that way, who fall into these wells, whilst he passes safe between them: and it is universally observed, that those wild Elephants that escape the snare, pursue the traitor with the utmost vehemence, and if they can overtake him, which sometimes happens, they always beat him to death."



## THE SPORT OF FORTUNE.

## AN ANECDOTE TAKEN FROM A REAL HISTORY.

**A**LOYSIUS was the son of an officer in the service of a German prince ; and his good natural talents were unfolded and cultivated by a liberal education. Being still very young, but fraught with much substantial knowledge, he entered into the military service of his sovereign ; to whom he was not long unknown as a young man of great merit and of still greater hopes. Aloysius was in the full ardour of youth, and the prince was so likewise ; Aloysius was impetuous and enterprising ; the prince, who was so too, was fond of such characters. By a copious vein of wit, and a full stock of knowledge, Aloysius was the soul of every company he frequented ; enlivened every circle into which he happened to fall, by a jovialty always equal, and diffused life and gaiety over every object that came in his way ; and the prince knew how to prize the virtues which he himself possessed in a eminent degree. Whatever he took in hand, not excepting his very pastimes, had a tincture of elevation : no obstacle could affright him, and no disappointment could conquer his spirit. The value of these qualities was enhanced by a graceful figure ; the perfect picture of blooming health and herculean vigour was animated by the eloquent play of an active mind ; an inborn natural majesty in mien and gait and air was tempered by a noble modesty. If the prince was charmed with the mind of his young companion, this captivating exterior impressed his senses with an irresistible force. Equality of age, harmony of dispositions and character, soon formed a connection between them, that partook of all the energy of friendship, and all the vehemence of ardent affection. Aloysius rather flew than was raised from one promotion to another : but these outward marks of favour seemed very far short of the lively esteem the prince had for him. His fortune sprung up with astonishing rapidity, as the creator of it was his admirer, his passionate friend. Not yet twenty-two years of age, he saw himself on a summit, at which the most fortunate commonly finish their career. But his active spirit could not long remain quiet in the bosom of idle repose, nor yet content itself with the shining appendages of a greatness, to the solid uses of which he



contradicts what is affirmed by the antients, that this island abounds in porphyry, and thinks they were deceived by the colour of the rocks, which are of a red hue like that of iron ochre. On the way from the sea-shore to the caverns which are so rich in stalactites, he found three volcanic craters, but does not give us their dimensions, contenting himself with only pointing out such characteristics as place the existence of them beyond all doubt.

The most surprising object which he met with on this island, is an entire mountain composed of petrified human bones and bones of other land animals, to which the inhabitants give the name of Bone-hill. It stands on the southern side of the island, not quite an Italian mile from the chief city. It is an Italian mile in circumference, rises with a steep ascent, and its surface as well as its interior, as far as it has yet been perforated, is composed of bones, which are not calcined, but are completely petrified. They are as heavy and as hard as stone, and the hollows of them are filled with hardened earth, which is frequently seen changed into a spat-crystal of curious and elegant forms.

In fine, the observations of the abbe Spallanzani which are published in the third volume of the *Memorie di matematica e fisica della Societa Italiana*, at Verona, supply us with a fresh demonstration, that the great revolutions that are perceptible in and upon the earth have been effected alternately by fire and water.

---

*Description of the king of DAHOMY'S PALACE at Calmina.*

From NORRIS'S Memoirs.

**T**HE Royal Simbomy, or great house at Calmina, is surrounded by a mud wall, about twenty feet high; the ground it occupies is nearly a square, each side of which is little short of a mile in extent; for I found the two sides which I measured each sixteen hundred of my paces in length, in the centre of each side was a large building in which a guard of women and eunuchs under arms was posted. On the roofs, which were of thatch, were ranged on small wooden stakes a great many human skulls of prisoners taken in war. The inner apartments, which I had an opportunity of seeing, were only several large courts, communicating with each other,



generally square or oblong, encompassed by mud walls. In each of them was a piazza, or shed, formed with posts about seven feet high, and planted in the ground at the distance of about twelve or fourteen feet from the wall; the intermediate space was covered with a slanting thatched roof, supported on bamboo rafters, resting upon the posts, and reaching to the top of the wall, which in this part was in general about twenty feet high, but only eight or ten feet on the other sides of the court. The area of these courts was of the common soil of the country; but beneath the sheds the ground was elevated a few inches by a bed of clayey mortar, which formed the floor; and the wall was in some places white-washed with a species of pipe-clay which the country produces. The whole had somewhat the resemblance of an assemblage of farm yards, with long thatched barns, hovels for cattle and carts, and low mud walls to separate them from each other. The interior of a Negrish palace is not so easily to be described. Its recesses are never entered by any human being of the male gender; and the female apartments are guarded from intrusion with more than eastern jealousy. I never passed the limits of the court before mentioned, except once at Abomey, when the old king Abadee was sick, and would see me in his bed-chamber, which was a detached circular room, of about eighteen feet diameter; it had a thatched conical roof; the walls were of mud, and white-washed within; there was a small area before it, formed by a wall about three feet high, the top of which was stuck full of human jaw bones, and the path leading to the door was paved with human skulls. The mattress and bedstead were of European manufacture, with check curtains; the furniture of the room consisted of a small table, a chest and two or three chairs; and the clay floor was covered with a carpet which I had sold to him a few months before. The apartments for the women (each of whom have separate huts) occupy, I believe, the remainder of the space within the palace walls; except a small part appropriated to the eunuchs, and to some necessary store houses for holding the provisions of his numerous family, as well as for his cowries, iron bars, clothes, arms, ammunitions, &c. and for some articles of European furniture. The late king was very desirous of buying any article of this sort that he could procure; such as tables, chairs, bureaus, mahogany liquor cases, walking canes, cases of knives and forks, and spoons, silver cups, and glass ware. I once brought him a two handled silver cup and cover, of chased work, weighing two hundred and twenty-six ounces.



by the majestic sense of *Tburlow* and the skilful eloquence of *Wedderburne*. From the adverse side of the House an ardent and powerful opposition was supported, by the lively declamation of *Barre*, the legal acuteness of *Dunning*, the profuse and philosophic fancy of *Burke*, and the argumentative vehemence of *Fox*. By such men every operation of peace and war, every principle of justice or policy, every question of authority and freedom, was attacked and defended; and the subject of the momentous contest was the union or separation of Great Britain and America. The eight sessions that I sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian.

The volume of my History, which had been somewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a first session, was now ready for the press. After the perilous adventure had been declined by my friend Mr. Elmsly, I agreed upon easy terms with Mr. Thomas Cadell, a respectable bookseller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer, and they undertook the care and risk of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the shop than from that of the author. The last revision of the proofs was submitted to my vigilance; and many blemishes of style, which had been invisible in the manuscript, were discovered and corrected in the printed sheet. So moderate were our hopes, that the original impression had been stinted to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taste of Mr. Strahan. During this awful interval, I was neither elated by the ambition of fame, nor depressed by the apprehension of contempt. My diligence and accuracy were attested by my own conscience. History is the most popular species of writing, since it can adapt itself to the highest or the lowest capacity. I had chosen an illustrious subject. Rome is familiar to the school boy and the statesman; and my narrative was deduced from the last period of classical reading.

I am at a loss how to describe the success of the work, without betraying the vanity of the writer. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table, and almost on every *toilette*; the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day; nor was the general voice disturbed by the barking of any *profane* critic. The favour of mankind is most freely bestowed on a new acquaintance of any original merit; and the mutual surprise of the pub-



It and their favourite is productive of those warm sensibilities, which at a second meeting can no longer be rekindled. If I listened to the music of praise, I was more seriously satisfied with the approbation of my judges. The candour of Dr. Robertson embraced his disciple. A letter from Mr. Hume overpaid the labour of ten years: but I have never presumed to accept a place in the triumvirate of British historians.

### OF THE ISLE OF CERIGO, ANTIENTLY CALLED CYTHERA.

WHO has not heard of the isle of Cythera, so much celebrated by antient and modern poets, the darling abode of the goddesses of beauty and pleasure? The abbe Spallanzani, professor of natural history at Pavia, paid a visit to this island a few years ago, and found nothing on it to induce a mortal, much less a goddess, to wish to be there. He discovered not so much as a trace of its boasted fertility, splendour, or beauty. He calls it an assemblage of barren and tremendous rocks, which the government of Venice have justly appointed to be the place of banishment for the dangerous syrens and sharks that infest the streets of that city. What chiefly attracted his notice was an undescribable variety of volcanic productions, which were partly mixed with petrified marine bodies, and are elsewhere only found in chalk stones. He held this for a new discovery, though it is not unfrequent in the mountain Ronca in the Veronese. The large ostracities which he found on this island among the dispersed lava, even appear to be much like those of Ronca. He does not believe that they have been floated hither from foreign seas, though he at the same time confesses that the Mediterranean at present contains no ostracites of this sort. The island must have produced them with itself from the profound abysses of the sea; and the climate of the foreign region, where they are now indigenous, must have reigned here once. Among the volcanics, which are the most numerous, there are also chalk-hills, which a subterranean fire has cleft and half calcined. That he met, however, with perfect caverns in the volcanic mountains, which were decorated with the most beautiful pendant chrystals, is somewhat new, as these are only found in chalk-hills. He



the angle at the vertex, and the greater angle at the base will be either a right angle or greater than a right angle.

COR. 3. TO THE THEOREM. FIG. 5.

If the angle at the base which is a multiple of the vertical angle be an obtuse angle, and the angle at the vertex be not an aliquot part of a right angle, then the first applications of the base will fall below the triangle in the sides produced; but they will finally return and fall into the vertex. In the obtuse angled triangle  $A B C$  if the obtuse angle  $C A B$  be double to the angle  $A C B$ , the base  $B C$  will be applied to the point  $D$  in the side  $A C$  produced, and will at the second application fall into the vertex.

If the angle at the vertex be an aliquot part of a right angle, one of the applications of the base will form a right angle with one of the sides produced, the applications of the base will then return, and the ascending applications will coincide with the descending; and the number of descending and ascending applications taken together, will be equal to the multiple which the obtuse angle is of the vertical angle, and will at the last application fall into the vertex.

COR. 4.

If an angle at the base of any triangle be an whole multiple of the angle at the vertex, the base may be applied either in the triangle or in the sides produced, beginning the application at the opposite angle at the base, as many times as the angle at the base is a multiple of the angle at the vertex, and will at the last application fall into the vertex.

---

*Anecdotes of GIBBON, written by himself.*

**N**O sooner was I settled in my house and library, than I undertook the composition of the first volume of my History. At the outset, all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true æra of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the *middle* tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation; three times did I compose the first chapter,



and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and easy pace; but the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters have been reduced by three successive revivals, from a large volume to their present size; and they might still be compressed, without any loss of facts or sentiments. An opposite fault may be imputed to the concise and superficial narrative of the first reigns from Commodus to Alexander: a fault of which I have never heard, except from Mr. Hume in his last journey to London. Such an oracle might have been consulted and obeyed with rational devotion: but I was soon disgusted with the modest practice of reading the manuscript to my friends. Of such friends some will praise from politeness, and some will criticise from vanity. The author himself is the best judge of his own performance; no one has so deeply meditated on the subject, no one is so sincerely interested in the event.

By the friendship of Mr. (now Lord) Eliot, who had married my first cousin, I was returned at the general election for the borough of Liskeard. I took my seat at the beginning of the memorable contest between Great Britain and America, and supported, with many a sincere and silent vote, the rights, though not perhaps the interest, of the mother country. After a fleeting illusive hope, prudence condemned me to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute\*. I was not armed by nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice,

*Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.*

Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice. But I assisted at the debates of a free assembly; I listened to the attack and defence of eloquence and reason; I had a near prospect of the characters, views, and passions of the first men of the age. The cause of government was ably vindicated by Lord North, a statesman of spotless integrity, a consummate master of debate, who could wield with equal dexterity the arms of reason and of ridicule. He was seated on the Treasury Bench between his Attorney and Solicitor General, the two pillars of the law and state, *magis pares quam similes*; and the Minister might indulge in a short slumber, while he was upholden on either hand

---

\* On this subject, in a letter to Lord Sheffield, Mr. G. says, 'I am still a mute; it is more tremendous than I imagined; the great speakers fill me with despair, the bad one with terror.'



gle  $A B C$  is double to the angle  $B A C$ , and is consequently equal to the angles  $B A C$ ,  $D B C$  taken together; but it is also equal to the angles  $A B D$ ,  $D B C$  taken together. Therefore the angles  $B A C$ ,  $D B C$  taken together are equal to the angles  $A B D$ ,  $D B C$  taken together. Take away the common angle  $D B C$  and there remains the angle  $A B D$  equal to the angle  $B A C$ . The triangle  $A B D$  is Isocles having the angle  $B A D$  equal to the angle  $A B D$  and the sides  $A D$ ,  $D B$  equal to each other as they subtend the equal angles: but  $B D$  is equal to  $B C$ , therefore  $A D$  is also equal to  $B C$ . And the base  $B C$  is applied twice across the triangle  $A B C$ , viz. at the points  $D$  and  $A$ , and falls into the vertex  $A$ .  $\text{Q. E. D.}$

CASE 2d. FIG. 2.

In the Isocles triangle  $A B C$  if the angle  $A B C$  or  $A C B$  be three times the angle  $B A C$ , I say, the base  $B C$  may be applied three times across the triangle  $A B C$ , and will at the last application fall into the vertex  $A$ .

About the center  $B$  with the distance  $B C$ , describe the circle  $C D E$ , cutting  $A C$  in  $D$  and join  $B D$ . Now because  $B$  is the centre of the circle  $C D E$ ,  $B D$  is equal to  $B C$ , the angle  $B D C$  equal to the angle  $B C D$  and consequently to  $A B C$ , and the remaining angle  $D B C$  of the triangle  $D B C$ , equal to the remaining angle  $B A C$  of the triangle  $A B C$ ; but the angle  $A B C$ , equal to the angles  $A B D$ ,  $D B C$ , taken together, is equal to three times the angle  $B A C$ , and is consequently equal to twice the angle  $B A C$  together with the angle  $D B C$ . Take away the angle  $D B C$  and there remains the angle  $A B D$  equal to twice the angle  $B A C$ . About the center  $D$  with the distance  $D B$  describe the circle  $B E G$  cutting  $A B$  in  $E$  and join  $D E$ . Now because  $D$  is the centre of the circle  $B E G$ ,  $D E$  is equal to  $D B$  (and consequently to  $B C$ ,  $B C$  and  $D B$  being equal to each other) and the triangle  $B D E$  is Isocles having the angle  $D E B$  equal to the angle  $D B E$ . But the angle  $D B E$  is twice the angle  $B A C$ , and therefore the angle  $D E B$  is equal to twice the angle  $B A C$ . The outward angle  $D E B$  of the triangle  $A E D$  is equal to both the inward and opposite angles  $E A D$ ,  $E D A$  taken together, therefore the angles  $E A D$ ,  $E D A$  taken together are equal to twice the angle  $E A D$ , consequently the angle  $E D A$  is equal to the angle  $E A D$ , and the triangle  $A E D$  is Isocles having the angle  $E A D$  equal to the angle  $A D E$ , and the sides  $A E$ ,  $D E$  equal to each other as they subtend the equal angles, but  $D E$  is equal to  $B D$  or  $B C$ , therefore  $A E$ ,  $E D$ ,



$BD$  and  $BC$  are equal to each other and the base  $BC$  is applied three times across the triangle  $ABC$ , viz. at the points  $D$ ,  $E$  and  $A$  and falls into the vertex  $A$ .  $\text{Q. E. D.}$

## COR. 1.

In a similar manner it may be proved that if the angle at the base of an Isosceles triangle be any whole multiple of the angle at the vertex, the base may be applied across the triangle as many times as the angle at the base is a multiple of the angle at the vertex and will at the last application fall into the vertex.

## COR. 2. FIG. 3.

In the same manner it may be proved that if either of the angles at the base of any acute angled triangle be a whole multiple of the angle at the vertex the base may be applied across the triangle (beginning the application at the other angle at the base) as many times as the angle at the base is a multiple of the angle at the vertex and will at last fall into the vertex.

If the angle at the base which is a whole multiple of the vertical angle, be a right angle then the first application will coincide with the base, because the perpendicular  $AC$  touches and is not cut by the circle  $CED$ , Fig. 4.

## SCHOLIUM.

If the angle at the vertex of a triangle be an aliquot part of a right angle and one of the angles at the base be a whole multiple of the vertical angle, then will the other angle at the base be either equal to, or a whole multiple of, the vertical angle, and the greater angle at the base will be either a right angle or greater than a right angle. Supposing the vertical angle be half a right angle, in this case it is one fourth of two right angles, and the two angles at the base taken together will be equal to three times the vertical angle. If one of them be a multiple, say twice the vertical angle, it will be a right angle and the remaining angle will be equal to the vertical angle. If the vertical angle be one third of a right angle, the two base angles taken together will be equal to five times the vertical angle; if one of them be taken a whole multiple of the vertical angle, say twice, the remaining one will be equal to three times the vertical angle, and consequently equal to a right angle. If one of them be equal to the vertical angle, the other will be equal to four times the vertical angle, and consequently greater than a right angle. In a similar manner it may be shewn that if the vertical angle be any aliquot part of a right angle, and one of the angles at the base be a whole multiple of the angle at the vertex, then will the other angle at the base be equal to, or a whole multiple of,



THE  
AMERICAN  
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE

TO OUR

READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE lines signed "Tyro" display some imagination; but they are too incorrect for publication.

If we could oblige "MATILDA," by inserting the "Bachelors," without disobliging the rest of our readers, it should appear.

The "POLITICIAN" cannot appear, as we have already announced our determination to publish nothing connected with party spirit.

A number of communications are under consideration.



---

THE  
AMERICAN  
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

---

AUGUST 7, 1797.

---

FOR THE AMERICAN UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

THEOREM.

**I**F the angle at the base of an Isocetes triangle be any whole multiple of the angle at the vertex, the base may be applied across the triangle, as many times as the angle at the base is a multiple of the angle at the vertex, and will at the last application fall into the vertex.

CASE 1. FIG. 1. (See plate.)

In the Isocetes triangle  $ABC$ , if the angle  $ABC$  or  $ACB$  be twice the angle  $BAC$ , I say the base  $BC$  may be applied twice across the triangle  $ABC$ , and will at the last application fall into the vertex  $A$ .

About the center  $B$ , with the distance  $BC$  describe a circle  $CDE$ , cutting  $AC$  in  $D$  and join  $BD$ . Now because  $B$  is the centre of the circle  $CDE$ ,  $BD$  is equal to  $BC$  and the triangle  $DBC$  is Isocetes, having the side  $BD$  equal to the side  $BC$ , and the angle  $BDC$  equal to the angle  $BCD$ . But the angle  $ABC$  is also equal to the angle  $BCD$ , and is consequently equal to  $BDC$ . Now because the two triangles  $ABC$  and  $DBC$  have the angles  $ABC$  and  $BDC$  equal to each other, and the angle  $ACB$  is common, the remaining angle  $BAC$ , of the triangle  $ABC$  is equal to the remaining angle  $DBC$  of the triangle  $DBC$ . The an-



*For the American Universal Magazine*



*T. Jencks Sculp. Philad.*

**M. DE LAFAYETTE.**



# THE AMERICAN UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

No. III.]—MONDAY, AUGUST 7, 1797.—[Vol. III.

*Embellished with a Portrait of M. de la Fayette.*

## CONTAINING,

Mathematical Theorem	147
Anecdotes of Gibbon	150
Of the Isle of Cerigo	153
Description of the King of Dahomy's Palace	154
Anecdotes of the Elephant	156
The Sport of Fortune	157
Petrarch's account of his ascending Mount Ventoux	167
Peter Corneille	171
On an early Taste for Reading	175
On Happiness	178
Account of the Earthquake at Messina in 1783	187
Some account of Mr. Ledyard's methods of travelling	189
A Remarkable Conspiracy discovered at Moscow, by Peter the Great	195
Some account of the Phlogistic and Anti-Phlogistic theories	200
Anecdote of Silver Heels, a Mohawk Warrior	202
A Portrait of Voltaire, by the late King of Prussia	204
Observations on the Knowledge of the Ancients respecting Electricity	206
Of the Phosphoric property of Vitriolated Tartar	211
Anecdotes	212

## P O E T R Y.

The Wifh	213
Sonnet—On Grief	214
Sonnet—On a Locket	215
Proper Materials for a Monody	ib
The Introduction of Rousseau into the Sphere of Sensibility	216
Epigram	ibid.

P H I L A D E L P H I A:

PRINTED BY SAMUEL H. SMITH and THOMAS SMITH,

No. 118, Chestnut Street.

*Where communications will be received.*